✓WHEN THEY HUNG THE TOWN TART

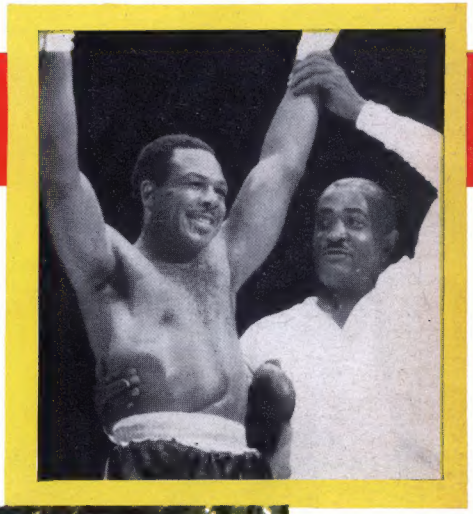
IND.

SIR!

✓DID THE LAPP MISTRESSES EAT THE RUSSIAN GEOPHYSICISTS?

✓I WAS ONE OF CHARLESTOWN PRISON'S DESPERATE 15

✓GRANDPAPPY GUYS WHO WHIP YOUNG BUCKS



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Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

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DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

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What Can Playing Music Do For You?

Of course, you may simply want to learn to play for the sheer joy of it. The thrill of "pouring out your

—Continued on Next Page

My Start in Music 'TEACH-YOURSELF' Way"

—Continued from Opposite Page

heart" in music. The fun of entertaining your friends —of being invited to play at gay parties, dances, and socials, where you meet interesting people, build your self-confidence. The pleasures of *appreciating* music more.

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Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Carefully)

Address .....

City .....
(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

☐ Check here for Booklet A if you are under 13 years old.

SIR!

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES

Contents—February 1958

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February, 1958 Vol. 14, No. 12

PUZZLE: FIND AL

Al's got himself lost in his job.

He does his work. He draws his pay. He gripes, and hopes, and waits. But the big breaks never seem to come.

You have to hunt hard for Al. He's in a rut!

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2. Enrolled for an I.C.S. job-related course.
3. Started to apply—on the spot—what he was learning.

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It's a fact worth remembering: An I.C.S. student always stands out!

P.S.—You'll find men like Al everywhere—griping, hoping, waiting—reading this and skipping on. But forward-looking fellows like Tom will take time to investigate, will mark and mail the coupon and get the three valuable career books free. They're men of action. And a few short months from now, you'll see them start to move!

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One Eye reveled in prophecies of day Japan would destroy U.S. and he and other Nips would sleep with our wives and sisters. No one expects a PW camp to be a picnic, but his rule made Ichi-zu-que unbelievable hell.

THE NIGHT WE BURIED ONE EYE IN THE LATRINE

We Six Had Survived the Bataan Death March, but the Cruelties and Indignities We Had to Take from Sadistic One Eye in a Jap PW Camp Were Too Much. We Had a Homemade Ice Pick—and We Were Going to Use It

By JOHN CABBELL

PICTURE in your mind's eye a large rectangular hole dug out of the ground, twenty-five feet long, ten feet wide and perhaps six feet deep. Then picture this hole as a sea of diarrhea from three hundred and some odd sick POW's.

There had been four hundred of us when we arrived at Camp Ichi-zu-que on Thanksgiving Day 1942 from the Philippines. Eighty Yanks soon died from a type of diarrhea that bordered on a cholera epidemic. A fellow who would be well in the morning would be dead and in the incinerator by nightfall. The fortunate (or were they?) dragged out the lonely winter with dysentery, scurvy, malaria and beriberi. The days were spent in the monotony of the riverbed or the rock crusher, where we worked on the building of a dam that was the sole excuse for the existence of the small boom-type town and PW camp near by. The nights were interrupted by frequent trips to the hole that was covered by a shed, the floor of which offered slits to squat over—two rows of slits, one on each side of the shack, about two feet long and a foot wide.

We waited for One Eye in the dark outside the barracks. In a moment the ice pick struck home and it was all over. Then came the gruesome task of getting rid of the body. Only one place seemed right for the burial!

The Night We Buried One Eye in the Latrine

Look closely at this hole and you'll see that it's alive with the ceaseless quivering, heaving, creeping of a covering of fat white, inch-long maggots. Slowly and inexorably they climb higher and higher up the sides of the pit.

It didn't take long for the hole underneath to fill. It overflowed by spring. The maggots left their sanctuary to crawl over the floor of the privy. Attracted by the splashings around the edges of the slits, they would find their way over your feet and up your legs. For each one you squashed, there seemed to be two more to take its place. Soon they evacuated the outhouse and began searching toward the billets, to further harass us in our sleep with their explorations of any unprotected parts of our bodies.

Spring came and the prisoners, during their off-duty hours, transferred the vile stuff in "honey buckets" out of the compound to the native garden areas. It was an unending job that lasted all summer, for the hole seemed to fill as fast as we could cart it away.

Such was the burial place of One Eye, the horrible little Jap overseer who had lost his right eye somewhere along the road between the day the devil cursed the human race with his birth and the day the Jap army cursed the prisoners of war with his services. There in that heap of dung is where we dumped his carcass the night we killed him back in December, 1943.

I often wonder if the hole is still there. Has a new privy been built over it? I wonder if they ever found One Eye's body and if they did, did they know who it was? Perhaps they just made one of those Oriental gestures and shrugged it off as another POW.

Besides One Eye, there were several other rotten little Japs in control at Camp Ichi-zu-que. There was Big Buick, the camp commandant, a lantern-jawed Nip lieutenant who avowed to all that he had owned a Buick before the war and had donated it to the war effort. There was Mush Mouth, an interpreter and Japanese sergeant, for whom you needed a second interpreter to explain what the first interpreter had interpreted. And there was Skinny Shinny, a tubercular runt who clipped hell out of you with one hand while he fingered a Shinto symbol with the other.

One Eye's tortures included taking away shoes and blankets in freezing weather and beating us with a bull whip. Our hatred grew like a festering wound.

Speaking of tuberculosis, there was one no-good louse we called TB. He would squat over you on a projecting riverbank where you were working and repeat over and over: "You—TB, you—TB, you—TB." It seemed as though they were the only English words he knew for he would keep up his chant until you would have gladly bashed his head in with a shovel if you thought there was any chance of getting away with it.

There were others, all of whom had our pet nicknames, but the most evil of all was One Eye.

One Eye, the supply man, was small in stature but big in vindictive hate and sadism. He claimed to have lost his right eye in Manchuria but it was rumored that he had gotten it knocked out during a drunken bawdy house brawl. He wore a glass eye in the useless socket that must have pained him considerably for he was seen on numerous occasions bathing it.

(*Continued on page* 58)

"I WAS BORN A MAN"

Known to avid night club fans as "La Belle Bambi" Jean Pierre holds his own in a bikini, with long shapely gams and vital statistics at 37-26-35½. (But note masculine naval set in line with waist indentation.)

Female hormone injections have given 22-year-old Jean Pierre his long silky blond hair and sexy figure. He sings intimate songs in a husky, seductive way, has built up big following in Paris and on the Riviera.

"I WAS BORN A MAN"

Latest in the Crop of Glamour Guys-Gals, Jean Pierre Will Take on Any Doll Born the Old-Fashioned Way to See Who's Bustier in a Bikini

By DAVID SHELTON

ON the French Riviera, where night club floor shows are usually one long strip tease and every other babe bares her bosom in the chorus line, a curvy cutie known as "La Belle Bambi" is wowing blase Frenchmen and tourists looking for something to write home about.

Bambi sings intimate songs in a husky, seductive voice while patrons ogle her loose blonde hair, well-stacked upper storey (37"), swinging hips (35½") and long shapely legs.

In a land of undraped dolls, why all the interest in this particular one? The answer is simple:

Bambi is a boy—Jean Pierre Rene by name.

For the more skeptical, Bambi can produce his police identity card (all Frenchmen must carry one) to prove it.

Latest in the crop of glamour guy-girls Jean Pierre and Christine Jorgensen (our own most famous entry in the sex change sweepstakes) are brothers under the skin.

Doctors haven't yet decided whether 22-year-old Jean Pierre is a true hermaphrodite—a person born with the rudiments of both male and female sex organs. But injections of female sex hormones have given him a bust that rivals Marilyn's, Jayne's and Gina's (Christine wasn't so fortunate) and face, arms and legs with a rounded feminine beauty not found in other guy-gals.

The only small giveaways are Jean Pierre's rather prominent Adam's apple, heavy bone structure of the hands, and masculine naval, set directly in line with his waist indentation. (If you haven't noticed recently, feminine navals are situated lower on the body.)

But like any well-endowed French beauty Jean Pierre likes nothing better than a romp on the beach in a bikini or a shopping spree for the latest French and Italian fashions. And like any gal who rates, he's been the object of at least one brawl. This took place at a Juan Le Pins night club where "La Belle Bambi" was the star act. Two young Americans dropped in to watch the show and got together to have a pernod and look the situation over. The friendship came to an abrupt end in flying fists when the boys spotted Jean Pierre at the same time.

There weren't two more embarrassed guys in Europe when they got the score.

Jean Pierre has built up a faithful following in Paris and on the Riviera. The men are crazy about him for the obvious reasons; the women rave over the fact that "he" is such a beautiful "she."

But if you ask Jean Pierre whether he is really a woman, he'll tell you: "I was born a man!"

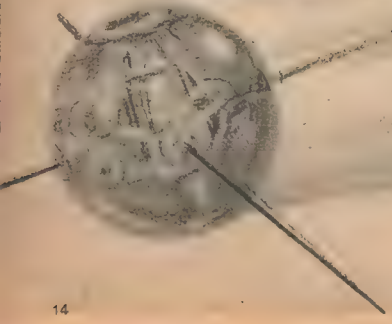
Which all goes to prove that in show business you may go far as a guy and probably further as a gal—but if you're a combination of the two you've really hit the jackpot. THE END

Could you tell this is a boy? Two young Americans couldn't—and had brawl over him. Jean Pierre's police identity card (r.) proves his masculinity.

It Was More German and Austrian Slave Labor Than Russian Scientific Genius That Gave Commies First Crack at Outer Space

Top satellite scientist Prof. A. A. Blagonravov (l., with U.S. scientist Richard Porter, center, and Red scientist V. V. Beloussov, r.) broke the incredible news that his country had launched first earth moon, Sputnik.

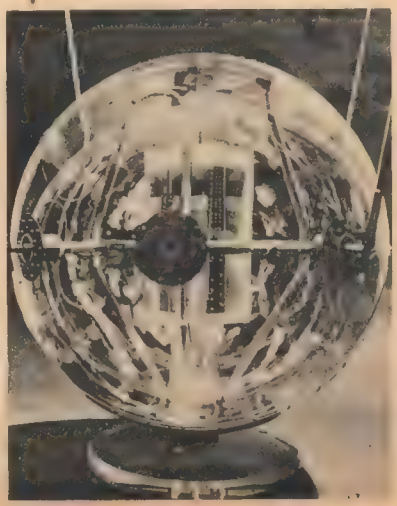
I HELPED BUILD SPUTNIK



Ed. Note: The Author, Now Becoming a U. S. Citizen, Lived in the Russian Sector of Berlin. When He Was First "Invited" to Work in Russia He Refused. The Second "Invitation" Reached Him in a Prison Cell 2 Feet Wide and 5 Feet High. This Is an Account of the Months He Was Forced to Spend Behind the Iron Curtain, Working on the Fantastic ICBM, the Atomic-Powered Missile That Shot Sputnik into Outer Space.

Andrew B. Ledwith, electronics research technician, displays chart recordings of Sputnik, picked up as tiny moon "beep-beeped" near Boston Oct. 7.

In U.S. preparations for satellite Vanguard, this instrument will record temperature of satellite and whether tiny meteorites erode its surface.



By WOLFGANG RITTER

THE day the Russians announced that *Sputnik*, their satellite moon, was traveling around the earth every 96.2 minutes 560 miles out in space and sending back coded short wave messages to Moscow, I was on a construction job in Queens, a borough of New York City, and I guess I was the only guy in the whole of the U.S.A. who didn't stop to say: "Gee whizz!" or utter some exclamation of surprise.

The reason for my unconcern is simple. I was one of the guys who helped put the darn thing up there.

You see, I am a German, and an ex-army major. After the war, together with some four thousand other scientists and specialists, I "volunteered" to be deported to Kuibyshev and there work on a project embracing the design and building of jet engines and an Intercontinental Balistic Missile better known as the ICBM.

The Soviets wanted me because I superintended the building during World War II of a new type German air strip, and besides I could double up as an expert in tract housing construction.

The way I came to (*Continued on page* 44)

During siege Toby Green was brought in to talk to her pop Teddy. He planned break, and when that soured he hit on idea of taking 5 guards as hostages and letting out with a big stink about our grievances.

I Was One of Charlestown Prison's Desperate 15

Rev. Edward Hartigan was go-between for cons and Warden O'Brien.

Teddy Green was serving 46 years for bank robbery and escape. He was an artist at flying the coop.

If a Guard Had It in for You, It Was a Quick Trip to Solitary—Where He Let You Rot. If He Was Your Pal, He'd Sell You Dope—Then Let Your Guts Scream for It. These Lousy Conditions Sparked the Riot at the State Pen in Massachusetts

By JENSEN HERBS
as told to Henry S. Galus

A BRISK, snappy wind was driving the snow in swirling flurries, like white blown dust, on that cold January day in 1955. Suddenly the whistle at the state prison in Charlestown, Massachuesetts sounded out five sharp, shrill blasts and then a pandemonium of sirens let loose. Almost every person within hearing paused in aprehension, knowing that a prison break had taken place.

What was meant to be a break became a riot so furious that the nation was aroused from one end to the other. It was a riot that made penal history, that kept newspaper headlines blazing, and for a week the lives of five guards hung by a thread.

I was one of the fifteen desparate men who held the guards as hostages. But let me start my story from the beginning. I'll tell it to you, all of it. But let me tell it in my own way.

In my thirteen years of stretch time I've had my fill of guards who push their authority to the hilt. Sure, you deserve their guff sometimes, but not all the time. You just talk back to one and see what you'd get. Joe Rogers, one of the stiffs we were due to grab during the riot, must have worn off at least an inch of his cane tip by playing piano on my ribs. Because our love was mutual, he'd begin a new tune whenever I was close to him.

It all started when he thought the floor I was sweeping was too dirty.

"Here, punk, you show me," he said. I didn't exactly hand him the broom.

He let go a mouthful of spit in my face, yelling: "I'm going to bury you, wise guy, if I have to frame you!"

Rogers kept his promise. He'd make me strip two or three times a day, thinking I might be stupid enough to be caught with a shiv or a bottle of something like the benzedrine tablets that were illegal unless a guard sold them to you. The reason for all this stripping was to get me "Hollywood"—solitary, in other words, where "bad actors" were sent. Rogers did his needling by forcing me to sweep the same floor again and again. Drawing (*Continued on page* 46)

Warden John J. O'Brien told cons there would be no deals, called 200 armed state police. But riot finally led to a cleanup of prison corruption.

DID THE LAPP MISTRESSES EAT THE RUSSIAN GEOPHYSICISTS?

No Marilyn Monroes, but used to subzero weather, Lapps (l., r.) came with Reds for Geophysical Year. C-124 Globemasters (above) dropped U.S. equipment at South Pole

U.S. set up 5 Antarctic research stations. With 45-72 degrees below zero cold and only wind and snow for company, smelly Lapp women were big deal.

Away from Kremlin Commies cut loose. Only team of 12 nations participating in Geophysical Year to have camp followers, Reds "indoctrinate" polar bear.

With the Grinning Lapp Dolls Leading the Way, We Found the 4 Russian Scientists Frozen in the Antarctic Snow—Their Clothes Ripped Open and Slabs of Flesh Sliced from Thighs and Buttocks

WERNER S. FENSTEMEIER

As you've probably heard a hundred times by now, 1957 was designated the Geophysical Year, which meant that geophysicists from twelve different nations teamed up to find out what they could about this earth of ours. The idea was that teams from the various nations would go out on research missions to make tests, all the information obtained would be pooled, and a central committee of scientists would then evaluate the findings.

The Russians sent up their earth moon, or satellite Sputnik, as part of the Geophysical Year experiments.

I became involved when the U.S. government announced it planned to establish five geophysical stations in the Antarctic. The pay was good and the job sounded like adventure to me.

I fell for it. So did 3,526 other Americans. Most of the men were specialists in the fields of cosmic rays, auroral investigations, glaciology, gravity meteorology and seismology. However, others of us like me, were mechanics who had been hired to service and operate the expedition's mechanical equipment.

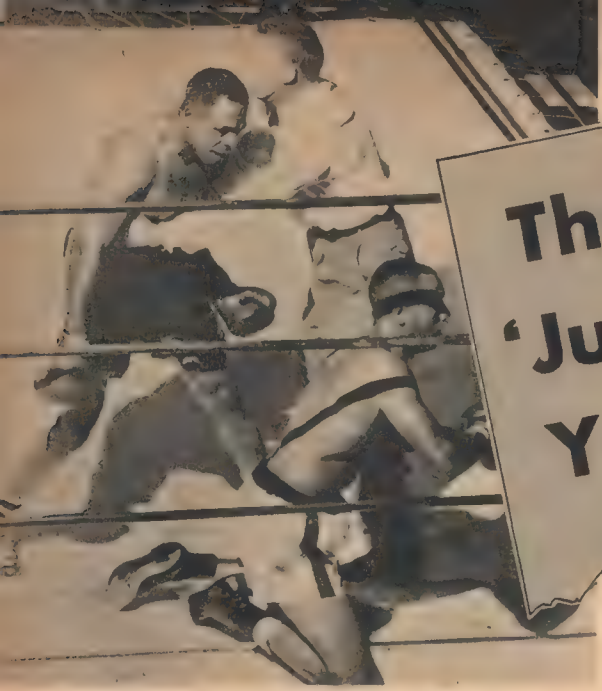
The expedition to the Antartic, known as Operation Deep Freeze, played an important part in the scheme of things. Scientists have developed concern, based on the world's present warming trend, that the Antarctic ice will melt. If this happens, the oceans' levels will rise from 65 to 200 feet, swamping hundreds of coastal cities now inhabited by millions of people.

When you're stranded with just a group of men, with wind, darkness, cold and snow constantly at your elbow, some strange, crazy things can happen. And when they do, all at once the main purpose of the expedition becomes secondary.

When Dick Williams' tractor broke through the ice and he screamed as he leaped for safety, then slipped off into a nice jagged hole of bubbling water, never to be seen again, I no longer cared much whether or not the scientists discovered that the sea level was in-

(*Continued on page 40*)

These Old Bulls 'Just Murdered' Young Stallions



Referee holds Archie Moore from challenger Tony Anthony. Archie, 45, ko'ed 22-year-old Tony in 8th round. Fighters are supposed to go downhill at 30.

Don't let the arm chair fool you. Master of the "nothing" ball, Satchel Paige didn't hit majors till he was 45, but he's still going strong in his 50's.

Have You Ever Wondered How Some Champs Manage to Thumb Their Noses at Father Time and Beat Kids Half Their Age? Here's the Secret Formula

By TEX GERARD

LAST fall TV fight fans were amazed when 45-year-old Archie Moore kayoed young Tony Anthony, an opponent 23 years his junior, in five thrilling rounds. Then three nights later Ray Robinson, fistically speaking an old man at 37, gave Carmine Basilio a good going over, but in the end lost a split decision and his middleweight title.

With the 4-minute mile being cracked every other month by oldsters, and men like Robinson and Moore making it tough for the younger guys in their divisions, the question has been asked: "Is there something in the air that is making athletes better? Instead of injuring our genes has the atomic bomb actually improved them?"

Is there some unknown radiation around? If Strontium 90 is good for the I.Q. of children, as Dr. J. Ford Thompson of London recently stated in a paper he read to a British medical society, could it be atomic radiation which is making fighting 'cocks out of our old athletes?

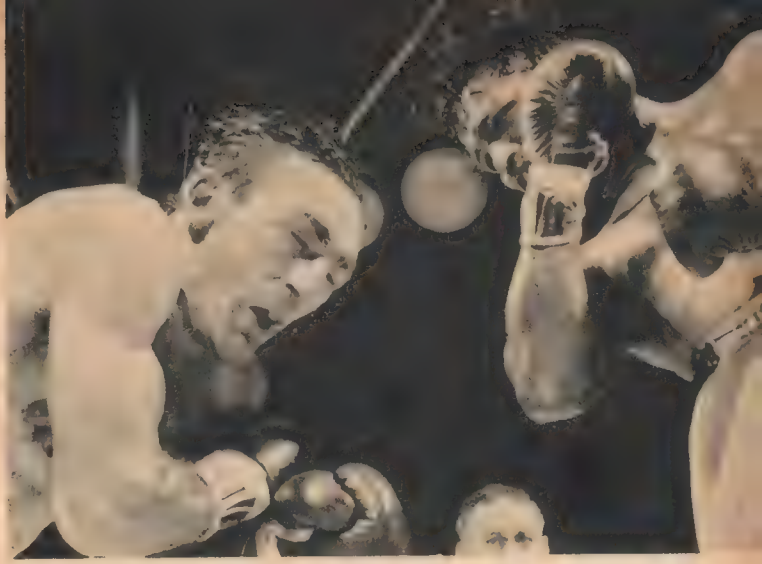
Of course such talk is just plain baloney. There's nothing in the air that will improve old athletes that hasn't been there all along. And if the atomic bomb has increased the amount of Strontium 90 in the world, no one as yet has been able to prove it.

If we examine the records of old men who stayed young physically and were good enough to be champs late in life, at a time when fellows they went to school with were potbellied old men, we come up with some surprising facts.

Take the case of Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons. To do this intelligently let's see what the sports writers' records show about the age a fighter first starts to slip. Dan Parker of the *Continued on page 57*

At 40 Bob Fitzsimmons became light heavyweight champ. Made last ring appearance at 52.

A runner is old at 28. But at 36 Gene Venske was beating men like Glenn Cunningham, below.



Eyes closed, Carmen Basilio winces in pain from terrific right of Sugar Ray Robinson. Fistically speaking, Robinson is old man at 37. He lost middleweight crown in split decision but gave Basilio good going over.

The marathon is grueling sport. Yet Clarence DeMar (above) won 7 marathons between 40th and 50th birthdays. At 41 Jersey Joe Wolcott (below l., with Rex Layne) was oldest fighter to win heavyweight crown. In 1930 he knocked out fighter George Johnson, in 1950 Johnson's son.

Middle Eastern dancing gals are real voluptuous wenches—so who can blame Al-Haddar for falling for one? Our belly dancer, above, is Nana Aslanglu, who is a specialist in the art of torso twirling.

WHEN AL-HADDAR WAS UNFAITHFUL

A Modern, Unexpurgated Translation from the Arabian Nights

By ADAM CHASE

WHEN he reached his 40th year of age and fifteenth of marriage Al-Haddar's eye began to wander. Soon he went to the broker in such matters, the same old woman who had gotten his wife for him. Cackling, the hag assured Al-Haddar she knew just the girl for him, one who lived in a beautiful seraglio with a garden and flowing waters, whom Al-Haddar might embrace all night through.

Unknown to Al-Haddar, his wife, who was perceptive in such matters, had noticed his wandering eye and visited the old woman before he had, leaving a bag of gold bigger than Al-Haddar's and certain instructions.

As she led Al-Haddar to the girl's seraglio, the old woman told him: "I'd better tell you one thing about this young beauty, Al-Haddar. She is a girl used to having her own way in everything. If you humor her—but only if you humor her will you have your way with her. Well?"

Al-Haddar smiled, stroking his silken mustache and thinking of the night. "I'll humor her," he said.

So the old hag of a broker led Al-Haddar into a pavilion with gardens and bubbling fountains. Pretty soon some dancing girls came skipping and laughing into the place with their mistress, a lady as beautiful as the full moon on a winter night.

Struck breathless by her beauty, Al-Haddar bowed low, as was the custom. The dancing girls brought him meats and wine and he ate with the lovely lady. For some reason she couldn't keep from laughing. But Al-Haddar, smitten with her beauty and thinking of the wonders of the night with her, decided it was because she loved him.

When he had finished his third goblet of wine he bowed before her and tried to kiss her. Smiling into his face she slapped him as hard as she could. Angrily Al-Haddar stalked from the pavilion but the dancing girls, who had been playing seductive music on their lutes, dropped these instruments to slap him too. Dizzy and confused, Al-Haddar would have run from the pavilion but the old woman stopped him.

"Wait," she said. "Don't be a fool. You only have to wait till the wine has stirred her blood, then she shall be yours."

Grumbling, but bewitched by the gorgeous gal, Al-Haddar returned. When he reached the garden the dancing girls stopped their playing on a signal from their mistress, who asked Al-Haddar to sit beside her. She gave him a smoldering look and said: "If you had thwarted me in my whim, Al-Haddar, I would have turned you out."

"Never!" Al-Haddar promised.

"But you were patient with me. So you shall have all your heart's desires if it's possible for me to grant them."

"If that is so then I am your slave," Al-Haddar breathed in ecstasy as he gazed at her beauty.

Smiling, the lady of the seraglio clapped her hands. At once the girls dropped their lutes and their veils and danced a dance Al-Haddar had seen before only in his most erotic dreams. When they finished he was bathed in sweat and took another goblet of wine with trembling hands.

The lady clapped her hands again and the dancing girls, panting and pink from the exertion, clustered about Al-Haddar while their mistress said:

"Now take him and do what's necessary before he can return to me."

Skipping and dancing, the girls led Al-Haddar away. They bathed him in a scented pool and doused him with perfume while he drank still another goblet of wine. Then suddenly one of them tugged at his silken mustache, the pride of his manhood, and he immediately called out for the old woman.

"Be patient," she said, cackling. "The lady is almost ready to grant you your heart's desire."

But remembering the painful tug at the pride of his manhood, Al-Haddar asked: "What are they going to do?"

"Be patient, Al-Haddar."

"Yes, but what are they going to do?"

"Dye your eyebrows and pluck out your mustache," the old lady said reluctantly.

"But I—"

(*Continued on page 42*)

NOW THEY

Hanging Suspended in Raw Air, with Instant Death Below, Modern Mountaineers Now Climb the Unclimbable

By RAYMOND A. LA JOIE

THE two men clung like spiders to almost vertical granite on Shark's Tooth Mountain in the Colorado Rockies. One crouched on a ledge, paying out nylon safety rope. His companion, 15 feet up, tapped a thin steel blade into a hairline crack and let his hammer dangle at the end of its thong. Then he clipped a steel snap link through the blade's protruding eye and looped in the rope.

"Slack, Jim!" he called down. He grasped a knob and started to haul himself up. Suddenly his hand-hold broke loose from the mountain.

"Fall!" he shouted.

The man below saw a dark blur whiz past. The rope stretched taut. He let a few feet of slack burn round his buttocks, checking the plunge gradually with body friction. The blade-and-link overhead served as a pulley.

"Hurt, Bob?" he called to his companion.

"Naw," came the other man's answer. "Just shook up."

With no more fanfare than that, steel and rope make a constant contribution to a growing national pastime.

The pastime is the awesome diversion mastered by American climbers who pit their techniques and mechanical aids against the sheer rock faces that defy the conventional methods of climbing. The contribution is the knife-blade piton. The one that helped save 160-pound Jim from a 30-foot free

Besides relying on steel, nylon rope, climber must depend on companion to support him as he swings under overhang. Rope handlers must know precise tension for all situations and the split second to slacken rope.

CLIMB THE IMPOSSIBLE

fall had a blade just 2 inches long and 1-32-inch thick. Shock impact must have neared the one-ton mark, perhaps more.

Why do they do it, the uninitiated ask. The answer is simple: they love it. Men climb mountains because they find beauty, a satisfying sense of attainment or a peaceful unity with nature.

Roy Holubar, president of the Rocky Mountain Rescue Group, expressed it well when he said: "Climbers are among the best people in our society. They're mature and cultured, with an inclination to get away from high-pressure work and do something really relaxing and unique."

Although motivated by a quest for exhilaration, climbers have made worthy contributions to life around them. And a growing number of them are willing to lend themselves to new discoveries.

Their ranks, estimated in the thousands, include alumni of the U.S. 10th Mountain Division, plus many scientists, engineers and professional men who like danger and excitement in their spare time.

They seek out sheer, plunging faces and bulging overhangs that can't be scaled by conventional means. Dangling in slings reeved through pitons, they hammer and drill their way to the top, literally constructing their routes as they go along. Where no cracks exist for pitons, they tap holes with star drills, insert lead anchors and twist home expansion or contraction bolts.

Often the summit they reach is very low compared with the heights reached in regular mountain climbing. Yet many spectacular ascents have been made on uplifts that are hardly mountains. Shiprock Peak, a 1,400-foot crag in New Mexico, is a case in point. So is Devil's Tower, a 600-foot fluted column near the Belle Fourche River in Wyoming.

These climbs are short and at low altitude. But they have a moth-to-flame attraction for climbers, thanks to technical difficulty and immense danger.

Climbers are constantly called upon for rescue efforts. They also

Greatest challenge are sheer, plunging faces and bulging overhangs that can't be scaled by conventional means. Here, climber dangles in rope slings reeved through pitons and hammers and drills way to top.

When climber finds no cracks in rock for pitons he taps holes with star drills, inserts lead anchors, twists home expansion or contraction bolts.

NOW THEY CLIMB THE IMPOSSIBLE

fight forest fires from cliffs and crags and aid scientists on explorations. And the facts learned from World War II climbing were of tremendous help to our troops in Korea. The discoveries will do us even more good in the event of Arctic warfare.

Surprisingly, climbers can boast a fine safety record. Only a few have been killed in the past ten-year period. Most important reasons for this impressive record are improved equipment and technique. One big aid is nylon rope, which stretches rather than snaps under the bone-crushing impact when a climber falls. An adjunct is gradual friction-brake checking —the "dynamic belay." A 20-foot spill, stopped short, could impart the same cutting force as a 3-ton guillotine on a climber's ribs.

Yet thanks to their own innovations, climbers not only fall up to 100 feet without getting hurt, they practice falling, blithely leaping off cliffs. The belayer, however, has to be skillful in letting the rope slip to prevent impact. Interestingly enough, pitons have stood up to 3,400-pound tests, much more than rope and human anatomy can take.

Perhaps the outstanding example of the endurance of the climbers and their equipment is Lost Arrow. A California "unclimbable," it seemed destined to remain just that. A silvery spire jutting up 1,200 feet against the canyon wall in Yosemite, it defeated all climbers for many years. Then, in 1947, John Salathe and Anton "Ax" Nelson vanquished it in 5 days, 103 hours of it in continuous climbing!

By night they bivouacked standing up on dizzy ledges, tying themselves to pitons. Daylight saw them inch skyward, placing expansion

(*Continued on page* 65)

The GIRL with the PERFECT BUST

A Chick Who's Proud of Her Beautiful Body and Likes to Prance Around in the Altogether, Michelle Lorre Gets a Big Charge Out of Stripping—and Won't Give It Up for Hollywood

Michelle's big hobby is sleeping, next is men. But don't get ideas—she's married. First wed at 15, again at 18, again at 20. Now 21, she considers 3rd marriage lucky because hubby is in show biz too (plays sax with top-name band) and is "more understanding and broad-minded."

THE GIRL WITH THE PERFECT BUST

Although Michelle does a torrid strip with her 36C-24-36, she's a very relaxed gal. She says: "Nothing ever happens to me."

WHEN THEY HUNG THE TOWN TART

Juanita Looked Easy but She Wouldn't Share Her Bed with Every Tom, Dick and Harry. This Made Tom, Dick, Harry (and the Other Guys in Town) Yell "Lynch Her!" when Juanita Knifed Joe to Preserve Her Honor

By LEO ROSENHOUSE

THEY brought Juanita from her cabin, where she'd been kept prisoner, and took her to the rough wooden bridge at the edge of Downieville, high in the Sierra mountain country of Northern California. It was late in the afternoon of July 5th, 1851, and the mining town was filled with brawling, lustful men intent on seeing the first lynching of a woman in the history of the West.

Juanita was a mystery woman right from the start. She lived and died in the town of Downieville without anyone ever learning her last name.

When Juanita got off the stage one cold winter morning and took lodgings above a gambling hall the drifters in town noticed she was hardly more than 20, good-looking and of Mexican descent, which accounted for her fiery temper.

"I'm from Sonora, boys," she said as she made the rounds of the fandango palaces and sat in at a few games of blackjack and faro. "Just call me a below-the-border gal and don't ask too many questions," she warned, and she would flick a stack of cards among the players as expert as any Mississippi riverboat gambler.

A month after Juanita made her appearance another mysterious character showed up in Downieville. Like her, he would give only a first name. The men in town were quick to note that Jose, as the man called himself, shared Juanita's bed and was almost as good a gambler as she was. As a pair the two were hard to beat.

Juanita and her paramour might have been as quickly forgotten as the other gold miners and adventurers who disappeared into the dust of time after the Mother Lode became barren of precious gold ore except for the fact that the attractive Mexican gal worked herself up to a hanging, a feat which earned her a questionable place in history.

Juanita never professed to being an angel but she was particular. "Hell, boys," she would shout, "aside from my Jose here, there ain't none of you good enough for me, so the first man who lays his calloused paw on me gets the taste of my knife!"

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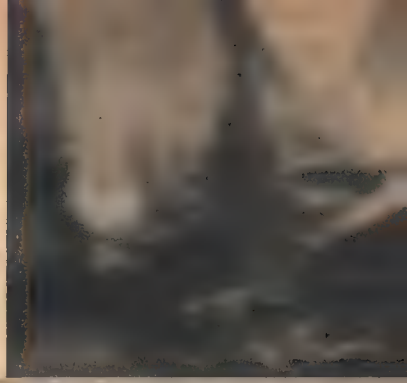
THE NUDE IN THE DRIFTWOOD



She Was Young and Beautiful and She Had a Bullet Hole Right in the Middle of Her Forehead. The Way the Mexican Cops Solved This Case Was a Thousand Times More Gruesome Than the Murder Itself

By CHARLES F. MAXWELL

I WAS covering the hurricane story for the AP in Mexico when I stumbled on one of the most amazing stories of my newspaper career.

A plane was sputtering high in the sky and the first winds of the approaching hurricane were lashing the little town on the eastern coast of Mexico. The sea was as brown as milk chocolate and the waves were taller than a man when they hit the beach.

It was the sound of the plane that first brought me out of the truck. I thought the pilot was in trouble and was going to try to land on the bumpy meadow off the beach. I climbed up on the hood of the truck to get a good look and could see half a dozen Mexicans running across the field toward the beach. Those already on the beach were yelling with excitement to the others. There was something wrong, but no one was looking at the plane.

I grabbed my camera and made a dash down the beach toward the cluster of people which was forming along the ridge of driftwood. When I was close to them I could hear the first ones explaining matters to the newcomers. I caught one word, *muerta*—dead, and whatever was dead was female.

I found a path through the crowd and got a look at what the crowd was standing around. A heap of driftwood. A couple of Mexican policemen were lifting a log from the pile. They tossed it to one side.

Lying almost spread-eagled on her back was a dead woman. A woman absolutely nude, a woman who had obviously been quite young and beautiful when she died. Her body showed a heavy protuberance of late pregnancy and her skin was as smooth as glass from the swelling which had come from her days in the ocean.

Was she another of the many victims to be blamed on the hurricanes which were wrecking Mexico? No. There was something special about the lady—a round hole in the center of her forehead.

One of the cops examined the hole and like a lecturer he looked up and explained matters to the crowd. A pistol had made the wound—that was his theory. It had been very close, about six inches from her head. Also, he said, the lady could not have done it herself.

"Someone helped her," was the way he put it.

The two policemen and the people in the crowd called her *la dama*. Standing before her I found myself thinking of her as the lady on the beach rather than simply as the woman. There was something too well-cared-for about her skin, body and hair. There was no sign of a life of hard work. She was white-skinned and evidently had no Indian blood. Even sprawled grotesquely on the sand and driftwood, and completely nude, she commanded a certain amount of respect.

Hiding my camera in the folds of my raincoat I took a picture of her. The policemen saw me. They yelled at me but (*Continued on page* 43)

THE SHARP HOSS SYSTEM

This System Is a Sure Thing. The Missus and I Put It Under Fire on Friday the 13th—and the Nags Paid Off

By BOB McKNIGHT

I WAS on my second cup of coffee at breakfast when I became aware that Butch — that's the distaff side — was giving me the old scrutiny from around the corner of the comic sheet. I played like I didn't notice but I guess she read the signs.

"Surely you're not considering going to the track *today?"* she demanded. She managed to make the "today" sound gruesome.

"There's something wrong with today?"

"It's Friday the 13th."

"An astute observation," I said. "So what?"

"Silly boy. Everybody knows Friday the 13th is unlucky."

"The horses," I said, "never heard of this particular superstition."

Butch chose to ignore this remark and went to the kitchen for fresh coffee. While I'd never before suspected my wife of being a calypso singer, I heard soft strains coming from the kitchen and I could swear the words seemed to prophecy that someone would be coming home in a barrel. It was sung to a tune vaguely like Yankee Doodle, but somehow different. Then I realized it was the Southerner's version, Damyankee Doodle.

"I am particularly interested in seeing the Hutcheson Stakes running today," I said. "Barbizon and Jet Colonel will be looking each other in the eye again in this one."

"You mean Gulfstream Park?" Butch said. "That's all the way across the state of Florida. You must be going to fly over."

"Like a big bird."

"On Friday the 13th?"

"This is where I came in," I said. "Since I could hardly expect you to venture outside the house on Friday the 13th I presume you'll stay home and commisserate with the cat."

Butch donned a look of martyrdom. "Whither thou goest I will go," she quoted. "Besides, you might be planning to meet some blonde at Gulfstream."

"Hmphf! In that case, fetch your bonnet and shawl and leave us be on our way." I peered at her over the top of my specs. "I'm going to test a system for the *SIR!* hoss fans and I want to be in time for the first race."

A couple of hours later we were watching the water skiers cavorting on the infield lake at the Hallandale oval before the first race. Since nothing gruesome had happened to us on the flight from St. Petersburg Butch had apparently forgotten the superstition about Friday the 13th. She searched her program for cute name horses with her customary abandon.

"I'll play Tiger Dip in the first race," she decided. "What does your new system pick?"

"Jet Comet."

"Why?"

"On account of this is a condition system. It points up the sharp form horses."

"How?"

"In two ways." I indicated the four call columns located between the impost column and the jockey column in the *Racing Form* past performances. "Regard the 2nd, 3rd and finish calls. Jet Comet was running 5th in his last race, 4 1-4 lengths behind the pace at the second call."

"That means something?" Butch asked.

"Patience," I said, "is a virtue possessed by few people, especially women. We will now observe the in-stretch (3rd) call. While Jet

(*Continued on page* 44)

MLS'
13
13

the UNDEFEATED

"The damn fool!" Magill said to himself in shock as he watched Tracy walk toward the car, crouched in his fighting stance, both fists balled and cocked.

"Ya Can't Be a Main Event One Night and a Bum the Next Morning," Tracy Pleaded. "So Nazare Socked Me Cold. So What? I'll Show the Whole Cockeyed World I'm No Has-Been."

By ROBERT TURNER

THE next thing he knew after Nazare caught him with the combination was the little pencil flash beam of the ring physician glaring in his eyes. He squinched his eyes shut and shook his head.

"I'm all right," he said. "I'm not hurt. Leave me alone, doc. I'm okay, I tell you. I can finish it out."

"Easy, son," the doctor said. "The fight's over."

Then he saw that he was in his corner and across the ring they were taking pictures of Nazare and his handlers, holding the kid's hand up in the victory symbol. Tracy cried a little then the way he always did after getting knocked out. Seeing this, the ring doc turned away and so did Tracy's handlers. They didn't like to see a man cry and they knew he didn't want them seeing it. After a minute he was all right again and was able to be helped out of the ring and up the aisle and back to the small dressing room at the back of the armory.

When he came out of the shower Nazare was there. Nazare said: "I'm sorry, Trace. You know how it is, though. But, man, you had me scared for a few minutes. I didn't think they were ever going to bring you around. You were gone five, maybe six minutes. You all right now?"

"Yeah," Tracy said. "I'm okay."

He felt only slightly different than he usually did after a fight. Win or lose, there was always this let-down feeling, a sort of weakness, tiredness. Tonight it was a little worse, so what? Tonight his head had a queer echoing, ringing sensation in it every time he moved. So maybe he'd been hit a little harder than usual. It would wear off; it would go away. Later it did.

He went out in the Florida resort town and blew the fifty bucks Magill had given him before the fight and got good and drunk and was with a B-girl, a little one with a button nose and enormous black eyes. She reminded him of the girl he was so nuts about in high school.

Tracy liked the B-girl and wasn't even mad at her when he woke up the next morning in his hotel room and found that the last twenty he had was gone with the girl, along with the fifteen he'd given her. He didn't care. She'd been good (*Continued on page* 50)

I EARN $20,000 A YEAR AS A CHIPPY

To Make My Bankroll I've Got to Be on the Turf 14 to 16 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week, and Take on 40 to 50 Dates a Night

By WANDA LANE

THERE are plenty of reasons why a girl might become a prostitute, but most of them will frankly admit they continue to hustle for the money. Everybody likes a quick buck and a chippy can end up her night with a nice roll.

People like to believe that a prostitute earns plenty for a few years, then dies broke or ends up on skid row. Some girls do, but I've known several who retired rich. If a pro is smart she can quit hustling with a nice nest egg.

It's the chippies in the five and ten dollar houses who pull down the high earnings, not the $100-a-night call girls. In a good setup it's not uncommon for a prostitute to earn anywhere from ten to forty thousand a year, and this is after

Don't let anybody fool you. Most chippies hustle because it's a lazy way to make a real fast buck.

she's divided with the madam. My earnings last year were over twenty thousand.

To earn that money a chippy has to be on the turf fourteen to sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. It's not unusual to see six or seven guys waiting in the hallway to date me. Men always ask how many dates I take on, but gosh, I can't remember from one day to the next. Nor do I keep track during the night.

I'm no longer interested in the number of guys I have to take on. The madam charges five bucks a head and splits with me the next morning. One night I took on over ninety, but that's about the highest I've had so far. Yesterday I took on forty-seven. I guess that's about average.

Often guys will want something extra and I charge more for it. That's my good luck money and I get to keep it for myself.

I live in what passes for a boarding-house. At least that's what the sign out front says. The rooms are located upstairs over a vacant store. It's run by a nice couple and they really treat me okay. She's about 40 and was a chippy herself until they opened this house ten years ago. Her husband is an engineer on the railroad.

The town has about fifty thousand people and there are two railroads. Most of my trade are railroad men or guys from the nearby factories. It's a steady trade and my customers are swell to me.

I've been in a few high-class joints, the fancy houses you read about in the newspapers when the law pushes against them. Sure, the girls get big money for each date, but they don't have very many dates.

Besides that, the customer doesn't want the girl to act like a chippy or be known as one. So I spend a dull evening listening to some guy tell me his troubles or else be cross-examined on why I am a chippy. Okay, so they want to help me leave this life. But their idea of help is an apartment and they have a key to the front door.

Maybe I'm nuts or something but cafe society hustling doesn't appeal to me. I like it better where I am and I'll stick to the "overall trade." At least they treat me like I'm human and not some kind of freak. The guys aren't interested in me, only in what I've got to sell. Nobody gets hurt and everybody has a good time. That's the way I like it.

I don't have to give them a sob story. They know I'm in business for the money and that I'm willing to show them a good time. They know I don't want to be rescued from a fate worse than death and that I like what I'm doing.

Generally I sleep until noon, sometimes later if no customers show up. Some afternoons I take off for the beauty shop or the doctor's for my examination, but most days I hang around the house. I usually have a few dates in the afternoon and Rose fixes my supper about 5.

You can't guess what the night is going to be like. Sometimes Friday and Saturday nights are completely dead, but generally they're my best ones. This is the first joint I've ever been in where Sunday is a live day. Legal holidays are always slow.

Sometimes a bunch of guys will sit on the landing with me and we'll joke and have a good time. If a guy comes up the steps who has never been here before I let Rose or her husband find out what he wants. Often the "Rooms For Rent" sign out front is taken to mean what it says.

Most of the time I can tell by the way a guy acts what he's looking for. So can the other fellows on the landing with me.

"Here she is—see if you can do her any good," one of them will call out. "She'd give it away but the madam won't let her."

The guy will generally blush and grin, but it puts him at ease. I always pretend to be embarrassed and quickly take him to my room.

The cops usually leave me alone. Once in awhile they haul me in and fine me fifty bucks for immoral conduct and then drive me back to the house. Last month I bought thirty tickets to the Policemen's Ball and kidded the cops about showing up.

That's the rough part about this life. I'm not allowed to shop or go to a movie uptown. The cops say if they see me on the streets they'll have to run me in. At the beauty parlor I go to one of the operators refuses to fix my hair because I'm a prostitute. It really gives me a grimy feeling inside whenever a woman gets angry because I'm in the same room with her.

I figure I'm better than the tramps who hang around bars and take on a guy just because he buys them beer. Some of them are married and have kids but nobody says a word about them. I'm bad because I've got sense enough to charge for what I've got.

After midnight trade generally slacks off and I stretch out on the sofa with a book or magazine until 2 or 3 in the morning. I hustle some dates, but not too many. After that I eat some cereal and try to get some sleep. I say try, because if some guy shows up Rose or her husband wake me.

Rose would like to put on another girl but the cops say no. I really have more dates than I can handle, but I'm not complaining. It just means that I coin more money. I've been hustling ever since I was 17. I'm 24 now, which isn't too old for a chippy. I've known plenty of women who kept on hustling even after they were past 30.

Before I came here I was in a red-light district until the cops ran us out of town. One of the joints I was in was a five-dollar house and the other, next door, was a ten.

Guys like to know what's the difference in different price houses. Sometimes there isn't any. In this red-light district a guy got to take off his shoes in a ten-dollar house. In other words, he could spend more time with me. In the five-dollar house, when the joint was jumping, a girl wasn't allowed to spend more than seven minutes with her date.

After that joint the ten-dollar house was a vacation. It was real dreamy to hustle in it. Some of the chippies cried when the law told us we had to close down.

Hustling pays. There have been women who have left this business set for life. Rose and her husband are an example. They bought this building with the money she earned as a prostitute.

Sure there are catches in this business. There are brothels where the chippies earn barely enough to keep them in clothes, and there are cities where the cops make it pretty tough on them. The worst thing about being a chippy, though, isn't what most people believe. We learn to accept the men we have to take on and the shame we have to face. But after a few years a woman realizes she hasn't sold her body, she's sold her self-respect and decency. She can't buy them back with money.

At night waiting for men to come up the stairs to me I've thought about what I've done to myself. I can see that I was a sucker to become a chippy.

Still, I've got a chance to leave this business rich. That's what I'm counting on. THE END

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DID LAPPS EAT RUSSIAN LOVERS?

(Continued from page 19)

creasing a few feet or a few inches a century. Nothing mattered to me but the sight of Williams and his pitiful hands trying to grasp a slippery edge of ice and then sinking under the water.

We left Norfolk, Virginia, aboard the U.S. Navy ship Arneb, AKA56, on November 15, and arrived at Little America on December 26. Immediately 73 of us were ordered to McMurdo Sound to establish a radio base and weather station, hauling huge sleds filled with equipment behind track-type tractors.

Establishing the camp was a nightmare. The winds were terrific and bitterly cold; the temperature ranged from 45 to 72 degrees below zero.

We had been at the McMurdo Sound base for about a week when we received a message from Little America that a plane with two scientists had been lost on the Ross Ice Shelf.

The day eight of us started out to find the plane we knew that a Russian geophysical team was somewhere in the vicinity and that they had Lapp women as their companions and helpers.

The reason the Russians wanted women during their long stay in the Antarctic needs no explanation. But the reason that they took short, smelly Lapps with them instead of Russian dolls was that Lapps are accustomed to a below-zero climate.

The Lapps weren't exactly Marilyn Monroes but they were women. So those of us on the American polar teams actually envied the Russians, and when little Ray Novak led two grinning Lapp girls into our tent the night of January 18, 1957, I stared at them with excitement. The other guys did too. After womanless weeks in that desolate, frozen country those squatty little dolls looked real charming.

We asked Novak how he had latched onto those two little characters. He said: "I found them wandering around outside. There weren't any Russians with them. They must have run away from them."

Carl Naavi, who speaks Finnish—a language related to Lapp—began to talk to the little women. Then Carl's face got a funny look and he turned to me. "They were on a dog-team trip with four guys from the Russian station. They got caught in a blizzard. After five days the Russians died from the cold, but these dolls, being used to that kind of weather, wandered around until Novak found them."

I began to make some kind of comment but Carl said: "That ain't all. But the rest I don't believe. I'll have to see it first. They said they'd show it to me in the morning."

We asked what, naturally. But Carl wouldn't tell us. So we ignored him and gave our attention to the ladies. That night was hilarious. Those Lapp gals sure knew the score. We all had a ball. All, that is, except Carl. He sulked in a corner of the tent and mumbled what an idiot he'd been to sign up with the U.S. geophysical team.

In the morning we hitched up the dogs and resumed our search for the plane. Of course we took the Lapp dolls with us.

There had been two men in the plane we were looking for. We were trying to find them before they froze to death—assuming that the crash hadn't killed them. It was the third day of our search and my seven men weren't happy about it because we had been hired as mechanics, not as a rescue team. But all hands at the McMurdo Sound base had been ordered to look for the plane.

About five hours after we pulled up camp the morning after Novak found the Lapp girls they began to point and jabber excitedly. Carl said unhappily: "They want to show us what they did to those Russians."

I said: "I thought you told me the Russkies froze to death."

"They did," Carl said mysteriously. "But that ain't all that happened to them."

We followed the direction pointed out by the Lapps. We found the Russians—what was left of them. Their clothes had been ripped open and slabs of flesh sliced from their thighs and buttocks.

"The Lapps ate the parts you don't see," Carl explained. "On account of their dogs ran away during the storm. So they either had to eat the Russians or starve."

Those grinning little Lapps didn't seem so attractive to us after that. But they followed us as we plodded along behind our dog teams. Two more days passed and for the millionth time I regretted having volunteered for duty at the South Pole.

Then nine days later we found the plane. The pilot and co-pilot were both dead. We began the long trek back to the McMurdo Sound base. The Lapps eagerly followed us. We arrived there on February 1,1957, and a week later a three-man Russian dog sled team showed up to reclaim their little Lapp mistresses.

In spite of what we knew about them we weren't happy to see them leave. We felt that our Antarctic life was going to be a lot less interesting without those squatty, but cozy, little dolls. And it was.

THE END

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WHEN AL-HADDAR WAS UNFAITHFUL

(Continued from page 23)

"Don't be foolish. Her heart is set on you, can't you see it?"

So, thinking of the night, Al-Haddar let the girls carry out the whim of their mistress. After they had dyed his eyebrows and painfully plucked out his mustache they retreated, giggling, to their beautiful mistress.

"What now?" Al-Haddar groaned.

"All that remains," said the old lady patiently, as though addressing a child, "is to shave off your beard and make your face as smooth as a baby's."

"But that will disgrace me before the world!" Al-Haddar cried.

"Still, this lady has sensitive skin. Unless you are as beardless as a youth you would prickle and scratch her tender flesh. Well? Would you give up your heart's desire when you are this close?"

With the wine stirring his blood down to his loins, Al-Haddar said he would not.

So the dancing girls returned and gaily shaved off his beard. Then they led him back to their mistress.

When she first saw him the lady of the seraglio pretended she did not know him. But all at once she laughed so hard that she fell back among her cushions and uncovered her legs.

Blushing furiously, Al-Haddar cried: "Do you mock me now? Do you dare mock me?"

"But no," laughed the lady. "I rejoice that your good humor has almost won your heart's desire for you."

Al-Haddar drew himself up with what dignity he could. "You know what I want and you know how badly I want it," he told her. "Nevertheless, I cannot allow those girls to do another thing to me."

"Of course not," the lady of the seraglio said sweetly. "I only want you to dance for me."

She leaned forward, waiting for his answer. Perhaps by accident, perhaps by design, her veils parted. His cheeks burning, Al-Haddar groaned: "I will dance."

One of the dancing girls strummed her lute. Al-Haddar capered awkwardly. At once the lovely lady started throwing at his head all the cushions she could reach. Joining her, the dancing girls hurled oranges and lemons at him until, trying to run, he tripped and fell.

Dazed, his head whirling, Al-Haddar was helped to his feet by the old woman. "You," he groaned, shaking his fist. "This was your idea."

"Don't be silly, Al-Haddar," the broker said. "Are you going to quit when you have attained your wish?"

"Have I?" said Al-Haddar. "Have I?"

"Of course. All the blows and ordeals are behind you. Only one little item remains."

Afraid to hear what it might be, Al-Haddar said nothing.

"When the lady of the seraglio's desires have been stirred by wine," said the old woman, "it is her custom to strip off all her veils."

Al-Haddar thought that was a very nice custom, but again said nothing.

"Naked," the broker went on, "she will run from you. Then it is her custom that you strip off your own clothes and chase her. In this way your excitement will mount together. And, Al-Haddar, when you catch her she is yours."

"Well, well, well!" said Al-Haddar in delight, at once tearing off his clothes.

Just then, also disrobed, the lady of the seraglio came rushing past him. With an eager yelp Al-Haddar sprinted after her. She led him a merry chase from room to room of the seraglio, always managing to keep just out of his reach.

When his breath was coming in great ragged gasps she led him into a dark hallway and he thought that at last he would realize his heart's desire. He reached out for her, barely touched her warm flesh, and stumbled. All at once the floor gave way beneath his feet and he felt himself tumbling headlong through darkness.

Suddenly lights blazed and, bewildered, he discovered himself in the midst of the bazaar. Either he had been drugged and carried there or the chute beneath the trap door had deposited him there; he never knew which. Immediately the hawkers hawking their wares and the haggling customers saw him naked. They shouted derisively and began to beat him with their bare fists and with sticks until he fell to the ground.

On the back of an ass, his hands dangling in the dust, they led him before the chief of police. "What have we here?" demanded the chief. The people told him: "This fellow fell from the seraglio made up as you see."

Al-Haddar was sentenced to a flogging and a fine of a hundred dinars. He received his fifty lashes in silence, but being naked he had no money to pay his fine. His wife came and paid it for him, then led Al-Haddar home, while the crowds in the bazaar hooted.

Al-Haddar's eye never wandered again. THE END

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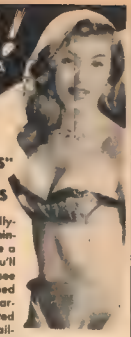

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NUDE IN THE DRIFTWOOD

(Continued from page 32)

they were beckoning me to come closer. Ordering the crowd back, they told me to go ahead and take more pictures.

The lady on the beach and the mystery of her appearance there bothered me quite a bit. The fact that she undoubtedly was a well-off person who had been murdered intrigued me. Certainly she could be identified eventually, and I had the feeling that her identity would lead almost immediately to her killer.

My newspaperman's mind was jumping. Had it been a lovers' quarrel? Had her pregnancy backed some man into a corner? Had it caused a few ultimatums to be exchanged that led to a last boat ride out into the ocean? Or could she have been dropped off a passing steamer headed for Panama or South America or any one of a hundred other places?

I had the idea, too, that some guy (or had it been a jealous woman?) might have taken advantage of the turmoil of the hurricanes, floods, and general disaster to kill her and get rid of her.

A couple of things were certain. She had been deliberately shot and she had been nude when she hit the water.

It looked like a fairly easy case to me. I was guessing that the murderer hadn't expected her body to wash up from the ocean. As I said before, I was certain her identity would lead straight to her killer.

But the police of that small town, in those days of disaster, had other methods and different ideas.

First they dug away enough of the small driftwood to make a shallow ditch beside the lady in the sand. Very carefully they slipped a tarpaulin under her. Then the two cops and four men from the crowd carried her on the stretched tarpaulin up over the hillock and across the meadow and into a scraggly little woods.

There they found an abandoned well. They tipped the lady off the tarpaulin, and like a rock off a chute she slid down to drop into the well.

They gathered up as much rock as they could find and pitched it into the well. Then a man came with a shovel. They spaded up slabs of the sandy dirt and, spelling each other at the job, filled in the well to the top.

The case was closed.

THE END

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SHARP HOSS SYSTEM

(Continued from page 34)

Comet was still running fifth he was 5 1-2 lengths off the pace at this point."

"*That* means something, huh?"

"It means," I said, "that Jet Comet lost ground in the run from the pre-stretch call to the in-stretch call. He was probably forced wide on the stretch turn."

"That's good?"

I shook my head. "That's bad. But take a look at the finish call. He made up half a length in the stretch drive to the wire, proving he was in sharp form. A horse has to be right sharp to come again after being shuffled back that close to the finish. But the average fan would disregard him because he finished fifth, beaten 5 lengths. And the very thing that puts them off proves to us he is sharp."

"There's more?"

"That's the first pattern we look for," I said. "A horse that lost ground from the pre-stretch call to the in-stretch call, then made up ground from the in-stretch call to the wire. But he shouldn't have been beaten more than 5 lengths. Jet Comet is the only horse in the race that qualifies."

"Mmmm!"

"In the second race we have no horse that qualifies under the first pattern but we do have one that fits the second pattern. This, a sort of reverse of the first pattern. Look at Rohan. He was running 4th, 2 1-2 lengths off the pace at the pre-stretch (2nd) call. At the in-stretch call he was 3rd, only 1 1-2 lengths behind the pace. In other words, he made up a length from the pre-stretch call to the in-stretch call. Then, even though he finished second, he gave away a half length in the run to the wire, finishing 2 lengths behind the winner. That's our second pattern to determine condition. Maybe the jockey moved too soon in that last race and had nothing left for the drive to the wire. Anyhow, the pattern shows a gain from the 2nd to the 3rd call, then a loss from there to the finish. But in this pattern he can't have been beaten *more* than 2 lengths."

"What about Tiger Dip?" Butch asked.

"He broke on top, then lost 5 1-2 lengths to the 2nd call, another 5 1-2 lengths to the 3rd call, and 4 more lengths from the 3rd call to the wire."

"Well," Butch said, "I guess Jet Comet is a cute enough name."

Like I told Butch, the horses didn't seem to know about the Friday the 13th jinx. Following are the system selections and how they fared.

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4 Bolero U	5.70	3.70	2.70
5 La Verite	.....	.....	.....
6 NO PLAY			
7 Barbizon	.....	2.10	2.10
8 Butwiser	10.70	5.40	3.80
9 T. Gibson	.....	.....	5.00

Yeah, Jet Colonel beat Barbizon again, but the *SIR!* hoss fans shouldn't get beat with this system.

THE END

I HELPED BUILD SPUTNIK

(Continued from page 15)

volunteer is interesting. One evening, May 3rd, 1947 to be exact, I was peacefully sleeping in my one-family home on the outskirts of East Berlin Germany, when I was awakened by a loud knock. My wife became very alarmed for fear that the noise would awaken our two children, Karl 4 years old and baby Gretchen, who was just eighteen months old. "Get ready to stay for 24 hours and come with us to the police station," I was told by a Russian officer.

For three days two civilian members of the Politbureau alternately threatened me and tried to bribe me by promises of fine living conditions if I would volunteer to go to Russia with my family and work there. I said I wanted no part of it. The third day they didn't give me anything to eat and put me in a wooden cell about 24 inches by 24 inches square and 5 feet high. As I am a six-footer, you can figure out what it was like. After 48 hours of this I said that I would "volunteer" for service in Russia.

There were 86 scientists and about 700 workers, all from the dismantled Junkers aircraft factory in Dessau, or the Bavarian Motor Works at Strassfurt, who were deported to Kuibyshev, a town on the Volga River deep in the U.S.S.R. It was my job to superintend the building of a model village, Russian style. From a Soviet viewpoint the homes were terrific. They were about the equivalent of what you'd find in any mining town in the U.S. However, everyone was allowed to bring his wife and kids. If a guy wasn't married the Russkies suggested that he bring along his mistress or girl friend. Several fellows did. Head man in our group was Ferdinand Brandner, an Austrian-born engineer, who was the Junkers factory top turbo-prop designer.

In their way the Russians did

(*Continued on page 46*)

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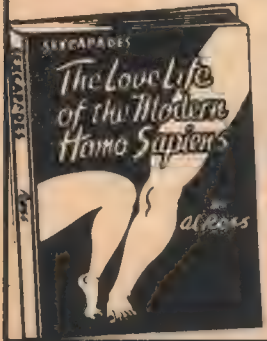

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everything they could to make us happy. But we all knew we were in for a long stay. They wanted a 12,000 horsepower turbo-prop engine and an ICBM that would have at least 200,000 lbs. of thrust. They also wanted us to design and build a couple of airplanes.

After my construction crew had built the housing project for the workers and set up an air field next to the reconstructed Junkers and Bavarian Motor Works factories which had been dismantled and transported to Kuibyshev, I was kept on as head of the factory maintenance crew.

"The Junkers-B.M.W. Collective," as we were called, were told we could return home as soon as we finished our task.

By 1948 the Brandner group had a 6000 hp. engine. Then they almost all got into trouble when they tried to get home quick. They placed two of these 6000 hp. engines in tandem to get 12,000 hp. The plane they put the thing in crashed, and all hell broke loose. Brandner did some fast talking and some faster drawing. His engineers came up with the single-package 12,000 hp. motor on paper in 1949. By 1952, they had the thing perfected and right after that the Soviets went into production with this motor. Russia unveiled it before Western experts at the 1955 Moscow air show. The Brandner turbo-prop engine powered the long range bomber dubbed the "Bear" by the Western authorities.

Right after this the turbo-prop boys got to go home. Most of the workers on the ICBM, though, were held on at Kuibyshev and as I was part of the factory crew, I stayed on too. We were completely isolated at the factory and housing develoepement from the town of Kuibyshev itself. For recreation there was a community clubhouse and a movie. Charlie Chaplin films were a steady diet intermixed with Terry-Toons. Life was boring but liveable. Slightly better than a 24 by 24 inch box.

The gun in charge of the ICBM project was Dr. Fritz Fruehoffer. He couldn't have done a thing if it wasn't for a German physicist named Adolph Buesch, who while working on another project in another part of the Soviet, came up with a plan for an atomic-powered ICBM. And that is what sent up *Sputnik*. An atomic powered ICBM. I saw the pilot model in 1955. It is simply enormous and weighs eighty tons at take-off.

At the time we completed the pilot model I figured that the Russkies would never allow us out of Russia alive. How wrong I was. Just as they let the Brandner group of engineers and workers go, so they let the rest of us return to Germany in 1956. "Once we have the world's greatest airplane engine, and an ICBM missile that can be pinpointed to any spot on the earth, we don't care who knows it," we were told in a going away orientation speech by the Soviet Assistant Minister of Air.

I told a lot of guys up in the Yorkville section of Manhattan, around bars, what the Russians had, but no one would believe me.

Brandner's K engine is designed to operate at an altitude of 36,000 feet at a speed of 550 mph. At this height and speed it uses one-half the fuel of a comparable jet engine, which gives the Bear twice the range of the jet-powered American B52, or a range of 10,000 miles. And there is no kidding about this.

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As I've told a lot of guys, the fact that the Russkies put a weight of 184.3 lbs. 560 miles up in the sky and placed it exactly where they wanted it to be, should be enough to convince anybody that they've really got it and got it big.

And this isn't said with any pride by me. I'm not proud of the fact that I was there when the German engineers under Fruehoffer developed this thing. I'm glad to be in the U.S.A. with my wife and children. Gretchen is quite a young lady, she is 12 years old now. My boy is just entering high school. They both talk English pretty well and so do I. I have applied for citizenship in the U.S.A. And all I hope is that some day I'm not on the receiving end of the missile I helped to create.

THE END

CHARLESTOWN PRISON RIOT

(Continued from page 171

a finger across it, he'd grin, saying: "Naw, you still don't know how. Teacher wants sonny boy to keep trying."

I kept trying, until I couldn't keep my nerves cool any more. He stooped down once too often to touch the floor and that's when I tried to wrap the broomstick around his back. Lucky for him—and for me too in the end, I guess—I lost my grip on the stick. He rammed the business end of his cane in my

gut and screamed: "Hah, sucker! You've got it now! Good-by for ten days!" I was sent to Hollywood.

One kind of sadism brings Joddy to mind. The young kid came bobbing down the corridor toward me on legs that had springs where the bones belonged. He looked straight at me through slitted lashes sitting on gray bags of skin, but he didn't see me.

Joddy was blinded by bennies, the tablets a guard gets at the rate of a thousand for a sawbuck on the outside. He gives you a break to start; you get three for a quarter That's to start. Once you're hooked the price doubles, and by the time you're shivering for the benzedrine you better have a buck to get five of them.

I WAS looking after Joddy's crazy dance, thinking how it wouldn't be long before they'd ship him down-state to a new cell, a padded one. "The poor s.o.b.," I thought, and then I dropped the "poor" as Pete Sylvester rounded the far corner and had to step aside for the kid. The stiff was getting a dandy charge out of Joddy.

Like I said, the cons aren't white lilies, but don't forget the uniformed punks who don't give a damn who they sink pill by pill so long as they can keep sinking a buck into their pockets. They also go for presents. One stiff was satisfied to be kept in ice cream, cake and cigars from the canteen for minor favors like letting you off from a day's work. Another, protecting a con who ran regular house on all crap games in our section, didn't mind taking home hams, steaks, butter and coffee.

The screws brought in all the dirty pictures and stories you wanted, too. Laugh if you want, but cons long out of commission were eager to buy panties, bras, G-strings, almost anything the stiffs brought in that had already been worn.

Keep laughing if you don't think the stiffs work a profitable pimping game. Green kids like Bill, just signing into a cell block, always started a slew of long-term daddies bidding against one another. Bill was just young and good-looking enough to make the guard demand twenty bucks for carrying him notes loaded with promises of new shoes, shirts, candy, ice cream, all the smokes he wanted.

The biggest racket of all had about nine out of ten guards cooperating. For fire water we melted shoe polish, strained juice from rubber cement, risked rubbing alcohol in our guts. But when we started brewing potato peels, trouble brewed too. The jealous stiffs got into the habit of raiding us, grabbing all the stuff for themselves. I lost my head that day one of them shadowed me, catching me stuffing my bottle into a deep wall crack. I was just covering it with a loose chunk of mortar when guard Pete Sylvester piled around the corner and almost busted my wrist with his cane. I missed him with my foot the first time, but not the second. He bent howling, clutching his groin.

They gave me the usual ten day in solitary.

But the kicker that boiled my blood was that they forgot when the ten days were supposed to end. My two-week shackup with the cockroaches didn't compare, though, with Teddy Green's. A veteran at flying the coop, he'd been rotting in his hole a year and a half, ever since the Feds had hauled him back from Hackensack, New Jersey. His trick had been cute. He'd crawled into a carton of waste rags headed for a junkyard, cut himself out, grabbed five days of freedom.

Teddy had plans. At first these didn't include me but three others in stir: Fritz Swenson, who was in for killing a cop; Walter Balben, holdup artist; Joe Flaherty, whose trademark on the gals he raped was a broken jaw. Teddy also had friends in the main cell blocks who, hungry for a bite of the $17,000 he claimed he had hidden outside from an old holdup, saw to it that he, Balben and Flaherty got a sawblade and pistol apiece. They decided if the other twelve of us kept our traps shut except to make noise when a stiff approached, we'd be let out. Just to set the record straight, let me say that there wasn't any riot plan at that stage. Just another of Teddy's "rag tricks."

The three of them began sawing on the one-inch bars, a few strokes now, a few strokes as the guard walked out of range. It went on for a day and a half. At about 2 in the morning, after Teddy had already claimed a dozen times that his second bar was loose, he whispered: "You guys ready?" Balben and Flaherty were. They crawled out together. Somewhere up front guards Sandy Hatch and Pete Sylvester were snoozing. The three cons went to jump them—and disappeared for two hours or so.

Swenson spoke our thoughts. "Those scheming s.o.b.'s are trying to make the wall by themselves," he said.

I guessed that didn't mean we were losing too much. Going over the wall looked like the hard way out to me, anyway. But I did hope that the three of them would make it, and that's why I was disappointed when they showed up, the hostages in tow. However, it felt good to see the guards on the short end for a change. Swenson had been right about the cons' trying to go over the wall without us. In the yard they'd built a ladder with two poles, stringing rag rungs between them, thanks again to Ted-

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dy's friends who'd planted a heap of work clothes out there. But the collapsing ladder had attracted some stiffs. Rushing toward the machine shop, the cons busted in, snatching two steel bars and some sledge hammers. With no way to bust out, Teddy now announced his big alternate idea—the one that would get us in the papers.

"Okay, we can't get out, so we'll stay. We'll smoke up the joint but good," he said.

Prying and hammering, Flaherty and Balben broke the rest of us loose. Fifteen of us were free now.

"We're going to stage a good show here. You guys have been piling up a lot of groans. Before we're through the newspapers will love us. Only first we got to get the right guys down here to listen to us."

We had the tools to bust into the kitchen; it would yield enough grub for days. Teddy stuck his pistol under Sandy Hatch's nose. "These characters will keep the warden's gang from trying any reckless stunts on us."

Company came soon. The front office, worrying about Hatch and Sylvester, sent over three other guards to investigate. We welcomed thm as so many more bargaining odds on our side.

A HALF-hour later Warden John J. O'Brien barked over the loud-speaker: "The longer you refuse to release your hostages, the harder it will be on you. Let me impress you with one thing. There will be no deals, no bargains."

We clobbered down the door of a main cell block to reach a phone. Teddy tried talking to O'Brien but his deputy warden, Perley S. Vance, got on. He said the state police had been called; they'd rush us with wide-open fire. Teddy yelled back; "Every shot you fire, there'll be a dead stiff!"

That brought silence for a couple of hours. Then over the speaker: "Will you permit Reverend Edward Hartigan to visit you?"

Teddy agreed, phoning: "If Reverend Hartigan comes alone, okay."

It didn't sit right with Swenson when the chaplain promptly tried talking us out of the shindig. I stood between the two men.

"We don't have anything against him, Swenson, and you know it. He'll go back in one piece the same way he came," I said. I had a soft spot for Hartigan; he was the only guy who'd always helped, not gotten guys deeper in trouble.

Balben wanted to make sure Reverend Hartigan understood. "You tell them we want the warden to come here. Tell him we want to talk."

The chaplain said: "I'll tell them," and took off.

Who'd you expect but the warden to use the speaker next?

"I've already said there will be no deals. I order you to release the five guards immediately. We have two hundred armed police here."

It went on like that for the rest of that day and the next.

Someone from the state police listed all the machine guns, bazookas, shotguns and rifles they'd brought up. The stiffs in our company had white scare written all over their faces. Guard Mills couldn't take it after a few hours and began heaving, begging for a doctor. Teddy grinned, recognizing a new gimmick. He told the warden: "Mills is dying but not from lead. If he kicks, you can't blame it on us but just on yourself. He wants a doctor, but no doc comes here unless the rest of us get the kind of visitors we want."

It worked. After Dr. Samuel Merlin gave Mills a shot for what he called virus infection and left we waited several hours more and finally seven men approached. They included a newspaperman, Governor's Councilor Patrick McDonough and other names meaning nothing to us. "We're a citizens' volunteer group," one said. They told us that an Army M-41 tank had been rolled up, ready to blast us out.

Balben put them straight. "Can we count on you people to hear us and go back with the truth?"

The governor's councilor smiled. "I'd say that you can trust us."

Another added: "In Mr. McDonough you have the branch of authority you've demanded during the past two days."

"We got plenty to say," Teddy began. And we said it. We let all the smoke out of the stinkbomb in the next three hours. Then we simply walked out behind our visitors to the main gate, where we were surrounded.

When the papers got hold of our stories about the corruption among guards they had a regular field day. Charlestown State Prison was rocked top to bottom and sideways. All sorts of public committees got into the cry for a cleanup. When the State hired Russell C. Oswald as its corrections topkick, some of it got done; we saw many new faces at the lockup. In 1956 a bill was passed at the state capitol, putting emphasis on "modern conceptions of correction and rehabilitation."

But right now the governor, holding Corrections Commissioner Oswald's resignation, knows as well as many of the cons that there's still an old guard around. Was the squeeze on the commissioner? Who's going to get it next—besides the cons, that is? THE END

Ed. note: Because this article was written by a former inmate, and in order to protect the privacy and reputations of many men who were only doing their job, the names of the guards have been changed.

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THE UNDEFEATED

(Continued from page 37)

for him. She'd bolstered his ego. What was it she'd said when she kept running her hands over his chest muscles and his biceps?

"Why, hell, Trace, you're still very young. What are you, 25 at the most? Why, the way I heard it, you were practically an old man, all washed up. They're crazy. Those eighty fights haven't hurt you a bit. You're as strong as a bull. Don't let 'em kid you, baby, you're good for another eighty fights if you want 'em. You'll make big money again."

Something like that, she'd told him, only a lot more of it and she'd meant it; Tracy could tell.

When he was dressed and showered and ready to leave the hotel Tracy began to get the worst hangover he'd ever had. He could hardly stand it. He got some aspirin and a bromo at the drugstore but they didn't help. A couple of times he almost turned back from the long walk across town to see Magill, the fight promoter. But then suddenly, wonderfully, the terrible headache went away.

He went into Magill's office smiling. The promoter looked up at Tracy and then quickly looked away again, busily pushing through a pile of contracts on his desk.

"How are you this morning, Trace?" Magill asked.

"The best," Tracy told him. He did a little limbering-up footwork jig to prove it. "Who you got for me next? If nobody special, how about a rematch with Nazare?"

Magill's plump white hand stopped pushing around the papers. He looked up and his pale blue eyes were completely expressionless. He said: "Trace, I thought you knew. Since you don't I'm going to give it to you straight. I level with you guys; I don't fool around. You need a rest, kid, a long rest. You stunk up the armory last night."

"What?" Tracy said. "Are you kidding?"

"I'm not kidding. Your timing was way off; your footwork was slow, clumsy. You had no zing the few times you did manage to hit Nazare. Frankly, I don't know how you stayed four rounds. Through most of them he was killing you. All that kept you up were those legs of yours. They must be made of concrete. But I don't mind telling you, when you went down you scared me. I ain't never seen a man go down like that. For a minute there I don't mind telling you, I thought you were dead, Trace."

Tracy stood there blinking at him. "So I can't fight for a while?"

"Not for a long while. Not in this state, anyhow. I'd be afraid to match you. You fight again soon, no telling what'll happen."

"I think you're crazy," Tracy told him. "I'm in good shape. So I lost my last six. So what? The crowd still likes me. I could hear 'em yelling last night. Who do you think you're conning? But that's okay. I don't have to fight here. All I want from you is my money."

"Kid," Magill said, "I hate like hell to tell you this. I can't give you any money right now."

"Now wait a minute. I don't owe you that much. All you gave me before the fight, in training and everything was one-fifty. My share of last night was nearly fifteen hundred, even with all the cuts out. I ain't punchy yet, Magill. I know how to count."

Magill shook his head and picked up a legal-looking document from the mess of papers on his desk. "You see this, Trace?" he said. "You can read it if you want to. It's a court order holding up your share of the purse. Your ex-wife says you owe her nearly a grand in back alimony. Swenson, your last manager, says you're still in to him for five hundred. I can't help any of this; don't go giving me a hard time about it. I got to do what the court orders."

Tracy looked at the paper Magill held and gently rubbed the swelling that was still at his temple. Finally he said: "I ain't got nothing coming?"

"Not right now."

"But I'm broke, Magill. I don't have a cent. I blew the last fifty last night. Hell, how did I know—"

Magill stood up and dug a hand into his pocket. He pulled out a crumpled wad of bills, peeled one off. "Here," he said. "Take this double sawbuck. Out of my own personal dough. Call it a loan. But listen, Trace, you used to be a sheet-metal worker, right?"

Tracy took the twenty-dollar bill and held it between his big hands, stretching it and flattening it out. "Yeah," he said.

"Well, use that dough to blow somewhere where you can get a job, your own kind of work."

Tracy looked up at him. He laughed. "For ninety, maybe a hundred bucks a week? You kidding? What would I do with it? Look, Magill, this has been a bad year for me but it's only November and I already made thirteen grand. Last year I made nearly fifty."

"Sure," Magill said. "Where is it, Trace?"

Tracy shrugged. "I blew it. Okay, so I've been dumb. But no more. I'm saving from here on in. But don't give me that go-to-work bit. That was my work last night. That's what I do now. No wage-slave stuff

for this boy. I'm a fighter."

Magill shook his head. "Not any more, kid. Sure, you might get some whistle-stop bouts or some spar work in the camps, but you've had it in the big money. I'm doing you a favor telling you this."

Tracy's voice got a little thick. "But I just did a main event. You don't do a main event and then all of a sudden you're finished."

Magill shook his head. "You got on the top of that card as a substitute, because Dante, who was scheduled for the go, busted a bone in his hand ten days ago and we had to get somebody quick and you were the only one available. Even then I didn't want to use you; I was afraid you'd get hurt too bad. But I didn't have any choice."

Tracy wanted to say something but he suddenly couldn't think of what. It was as though his mind were empty, as though it were a hollow thing that had been sluiced clean with water. He shook his head and turned and started out of the office. He didn't make it. Instead of going out the door he walked full and hard into the wall about two feet to the right of the door. He hit the wall so hard his nose started bleeding.

At the sound Magill looked up from his desk. Tracy was standing there, turned around now, holding his nose, with some of the blood coming from between his fingers.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" Magill said. "Are you drunk or something?"

Tracy didn't hear Magill say that. He just saw Magill's mouth moving and he wondered why Magill was moving his lips like that without letting any sounds come out. Then there was a big hurting in Tracy's head, much worse than the hangover he'd had earlier, and then there was a sound like a great wind rushing past his ears.

All of a sudden he was sprawled in a chair and Magill was swabbing his face with a wet handkerchief. Tracy thought that was a strange thing for Magill to be doing to him but maybe it was because he looked so hot and pooped. After all, he'd been hitchhiking for two days and he'd hardly had anything to eat all that time, just to get down here, because he'd heard that Magill needed somebody to sub for Dante in the fight with Nazare.

He reached up and took the handkerchief from Magill's hand. He swabbed at his own face and he began to feel better. He started to be able to think again. He thought: Now where were we? We got to get back to business. I can't let him think I'm too anxious, but still I got to sell him. I got to have this fight with Nazare.

"All right," he said. "What do you care what the commission up there said, that I shouldn't fight again for at least six months? You think they know everything? Besides, Nazare doesn't hit too hard. He's going to hurt me, a guy like Nazare? Listen, Mr. Magill, I've been with the best. I won thirty-one straight my first year as a pro, don't forget that. So I'm in a little slump; everybody's down on me. But that's why I want this one so bad. I've got to prove myself again, don't you see?"

He wished they'd hurry up and get this dickering over with so he could get out of here and get some food because now he was so damned hungry it was even making his head hurt, hurt bad. Then he felt sickness filling his throat and he didn't want Magill to know he was that hungry, that weak, so he thought he'd better get out of the office.

After he was gone Magill stood looking down at the handkerchief on the floor. He wiped the back of a hand across his forehead and said: "I'll be a dirty word." He shook his head. "Real flapped, real top-blown and all of a sudden, right here in my office."

Magill waddled over to the window and looked down at the street just as Tracy came out of the building. He saw Tracy stand on the curb a moment, looking up and down the street, his right shoulder moving strangely. Then he saw Tracy step off the curb and start to cross the street. Halfway across he halted and turned toward a car coming fast. The car was already quite close but it still would have had time to stop if Tracy hadn't started walking toward it, crouched now in his fighting stance, both fists balled and cocked in front of him.

Magill turned away from the window as the high-pitched scream of brakes and then a sickening thud came echoing up from the pavement below. He covered his ears and cursed as the car hit Tracy down there on the street.

They had a real fine funeral for Tracy the next day. It was paid for by small donations from fight promoters all over the country, sent in answer to Magill's calls to them. The funeral cost almost fifteen hundred dollars. When it was over one of the sports writers told Magill how nice it had been.

Magill just shrugged his plump shoulders. "Hell," he said, "why not? This game takes care of its own."

Then he left. He had to get busy and line up another fight for Nazare in about three weeks, while the bum was still hot with the fans because of the crazy rumor that he'd knocked Tracy cuckoo. You had something like that, you had to capitalize on it fast.

THE END

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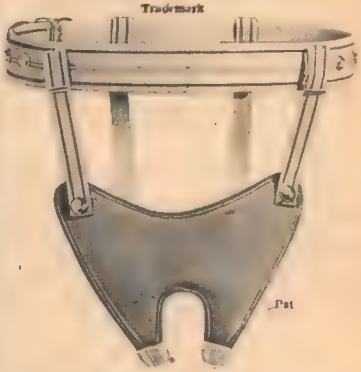

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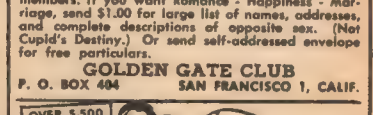

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(*Continued on page 55*)

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WHEN THEY HUNG THE TOWN TART

(Continued from page 30)

To emphasize her threat Juanita would raise her skirts and pull out a wicked-looking curved dirk from her wide garter and make a few vicious slashes through the air with the blade. This act, often repeated, gained her respect and protection against assault and manhandling.

Men who sat down to play against Juanita were captured by the high bronzed cast of her cheeks, her almost Oriental-like almond-shaped eyes and her jet-black hair. She was as luscious a woman as could be desired by sex-starved miners who were ready to throw a bag of gold dust at her feet to share her bed.

Juanita played up her charms to the hilt. She wore brightly colored dresses and encased her full bosom in a low, tight bodice that caused a commotion whenever she took a deep breath or stooped over to pick up a card or a chip from the floor.

As a woman of voluptuous charm Juanita attracted attention wherever she went, but it was these charms which finally caused the men of Downieville to hate her. Her love was given to Jose alone and the bitterness among the other miners grew. There was serious talk of running her out of town.

The situation came to a head as the 4th of July approached. Strangers had been pouring into Downieville for days—grafters, murderers, miners and gamblers. Everyone was in the mood for some riotous fun.

Wooden shacks and tents sprung up along the edge of town as the population soared. Men stood in line in front of the three bawdy houses waiting to get in.

Meanwhile, in the fandango palaces, the serving wenches were doing their best to cater to the hordes of men. Among their customers were the notorious Sydney Ducks, men accused of committing murder or strong-arm robbery in daylight. The Sydney Ducks had come up from San Francisco's Barbary Coast to celebrate the 4th of July and they were anxious to whoop it up. Originally they had been prisoners in the penal colonies of Australia but were permitted to "escape" to California when the Australians felt the Sydney Ducks were threatening their security.

These were the men who began the reign of terror in Downieville. Each carried an identification tag provided by former Australian prison keepers—a wedge of flesh missing from the left lobe of the ear.

Some of the Ducks followed Juanita about because they liked the looks of a pretty woman and they sat down at the gambling tables to play against her.

On the night of the 4th, Juanita's luck was especially good. The stacks of chips at her elbow were piled high after six hours of straight play.

"Enough for me," Juanita finally said. "I'm cashing in. I've been at this table since sundown."

"Yeah!" a challenging voice said behind her. "You've won every hand by doing some fancy cheating."

Juanita grabbed her dirk and whirled. There was an immediate stillness in the gambling den and some of the men slipped away from Juanita's table.

The man who had challenged Juanita was Joe Cannon, a huge redheaded Scotsman, a man with a dangerous temper. Although he was new in town he had quickly made a name for himself by brawling with anyone who stood up to him. And now he dared the hot-blooded Juanita.

"My sack of gold dust against the turn of a card," Cannon bellowed as he sat down opposite her. Juanita's eyes narrowed and Jose, standing at the bar, gripped one hand on a gun and walked toward his mistress.

Juanita broke open a new deck of cards and after a fast shuffle began to deal. In less than five minutes the big Scotsman was wiped clean.

"You're still a cheating wench," Cannon snarled. He jumped up from his chair and ripped away the top of Juanita's dress as she gathered up the winnings.

"I'll kill you for this!" Juanita shrieked.

Cannon pulled out a knife of his own but Juanita was too fast for him. She lunged at him with her dirk. The blade swished and Joe Cannon leaped away, but not before the knife nicked his shoulder and drew blood. Juanita spat at him and rushed out into the hot night, with Jose at her heels.

An hour later Cannon, smarting from his gambling loss and the way the pretty little Spanish girl had made a fool of him, had drunk enough liquor to feel very brave.

"She's no better than a bawdy house tart," he exclaimed. "She's taken every penny I have and that entitles me to some special favors."

Cannon reeled out into the crowded street toward Juanita's new lodgings, a little cabin near the river. When he reached the place he began to pound furiously on the door.

It was opened by Jose: "Leave us alone," Jose raged at the Scotsman. "We do not wish to cause

(Continued on page 56)

Continued

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more bloodshed but you are tempting us."

In answer, Cannon smashed his fist into Jose's face and the man went down. But before the Scotsman could force his way into Juanita's cabin she whirled from behind the door and plunged her dirk deep into his ribs. He dropped instantly and a pool of blood gathered at her feet.

Some of the Sydney Ducks who had followed Cannon to see the fun now took up the cry of "Murder! Murder!" Jose knew the trouble that was brewing. He dragged Cannon's body from the doorway and left it lying in the street, then he rushed back to help Juanita set up a barricade.

A NUMBER of men, their minds brandy-fogged and confused, hurried to a ramshackle store that served as the court and demanded a hanging. A holiday-minded mob quickly backed up the idea and hooted down the few sober citizens who were horrified at the thought of hanging a woman. The excitement of a prospective lynching suddenly ran high and a number of self-appointed lawmen, many Sydney Ducks, pushed aside the regular deputies and stormed Juanita's cabin.

"Juanita's going to be a mother," a woman shrieked. "You can't hang a girl about to have a baby!"

"We'll get rid of two no-goods at the same time," a rabble rouser answered.

There was a roar of approval and the crowd broke down Juanita's door. They found her and Jose calmly seated at the kitchen table playing cards.

"I'm ready, boys," Juanita said without looking up from the table. "I ask only two favors. Do not harm my Jose for I am the one who killed Joe Cannon, and please remember that I am a lady."

"We had a meeting," a spokesman said gruffly. "Our new Vigilante Party says you've got to hang."

Jose was dragged from the cabin and after a merciless beating was driven into the hills. Meanwhile, Juanita was ordered to get ready for execution as her cabin was surrounded by a ring of excited men.

The hanging was scheduled for dawn but the leader of the vigilantes became worried over the ugly attitude of the unruly crowd. "Too many Sydney Ducks are carrying burning torches," he told the others. "If we hang Juanita now they will burn up the town as an after celebration. I say let's wait till daylight to do the job."

As the hours passed Downieville seethed with excitement and passion. "We want Juanita hanged!" men chanted. Among them were new arrivals from the hills of the Mother Lode, men who had never laid eyes on Juanita but were eager to see a woman die on the gallows.

By late afternoon Juanita was called from her cabin by a committee of rifle-bearing men. She had dressed herself in her finest gown, a red costume with Spanish lace and a flowered bodice that made her breasts stand high and bold.

Hats and whisky bottles were hurled into the air by a celebrating crowd as Juanita was escorted toward the bridge on the Forks, the mountain stream that bordered the town of Downieville. A carpenter had just secured a beam to the bridge and one of the vigilantes was anchoring a rope to the projecting beam.

The crowd sighed in unison as vigilantes seized Juanita and bound her hands, then carried her on the bridge where the noose was fitted around her neck. The wind had come up, making weird sounds as it danced around the bridge, and it sent a cold chill through the hordes of watching men. Suddenly the executioner pushed Juanita free of the bridge and she swung out in an arc, her skirts billowing in the breeze.

Some of the men shrieked and whooped but the majority were suddenly sickened at the sight of a woman fighting for her last breath of life and they looked the other way.

In the early morning sober men cut down Juanita's body and took it into the hills for burial, keeping her gravesite a secret from the plundering ghoul-like Sydney Ducks.

Later a remorseful quiet hung over the town. Many witnesses to the hanging were seen slinking out of town, returning silently to their campsites in the Mother Lode, and many a man felt sick and cowardly. It hadn't taken too much bravery to execute a woman whose only crime had been that of self-defense against a drunk and a bully.

Some old timers insist Juanita's execution brought forth a reprimand from the Mother Lode in the form of a curse. Gold-bearing streams became barren and ore deposits around Downieville stopped producing.

By then many of the law-abiding citizens had left the town, sickened by the affair of the hanging. In the months that followed Downieville was threatened with a ghost town existence. It took many decades for the town to overcome the shame of a vicious and senseless hanging and regain the respect of Western settlers.

Never again would a mob so quickly gather to do such gruesome violence against a woman. The West was slowly beginning to learn the meaning of justice—but it came too late for Juanita, the woman of mystery. THE END

AMAZING SPORT LIFE OF OLD ATHLETES

(Continued from page 20)

New York *Daily Mirror* did a great deal of research on this subject. Dan says a fighter starts to slip at 30 and from then on goes downhill fast.

Taking Parker's word for it, we see how unusual Ruby Bob was. Fitzsimmons didn't win the heavyweight crown until he was 34 years old. When he defeated Jim Corbett for the title he was the reigning middleweight champ and had held that title for six years. Fitz lost the heavyweight title to Jim Jefferies on June 9, 1899. He had held the title for two years. Four years later, on November 25, 1903 to be exact, the 40-year-old Ruby Bob knocked out George Gardner and won the world's light heavyweight championship. Fitz continued to fight regularly until he was 47. He made his last ring appearance at 52.

Joe Louis kept going far past the time when he logically should have quit. Although his sequences were gone he still had enough left to beat most of the chumps then around.

Amazingly, there are some fighters who seem to defy nature. A guy by the name of Archie Moore, our present 44-year-old light heavyweight champ, is definitely one. He quite properly belongs with the few athletes who have stood Father Time on his head and made him run backward. There's also Jersey Joe Wolcott, who was the oldest fighter ever to win the heavyweight crown. Jersey Joe turned the trick at 41. You can get some idea of how long Wolcott was around the fight game when you consider that he knocked out a fighter by the name of George Johnson in Trenton in 1930. Twenty years later, in 1950, Jersey Joe knocked out Johnson's son George Johnson Jr., and in the same ring.

Talking about old men of the heavyweight division, how about two-ton Tony Galento, the Newark, N. J. bartender? Fat Tony was 42 years old when he knocked Joe Louis kicking, and Joe was then in his prime. Had he followed up his advantage, Fat Tony might have been our oldest and fattest heavyweight champ on record.

Getting back to Archie Moore, we have to rate him the greatest old athlete any sport ever had. On September 21, 1955 43-year-old Archie made a fearless bid for the heavyweight crown against Rocky Marciano, the most devastating hitter of modern times. For a while that night old Archie had his reflexes working. He came shuffling out of his corner and smashed Rocky to the floor, but Rocky didn't stay there. Later the plain ferocity of Marciano's attack and heavier punching paid off. Old Archie was counted over. Nevertheless, it was a brave and gallant attempt by an old fighter, who by all the rules should have been washed up 13 years before.

Archie got another crack at the heavyweight crown when he fought Floyd Patterson on November 30th, 1956. Marciano's retirement had opened the door for the crowning of a new king, and the two fought at the request of the New York State Athletic Commission. That night Father Time kept Archie's reflexes locked up. He was a toothless tiger at the mercy of Patterson's merciless youth. Old Arch got counted over again.

And now comes the amazing part. Eleven months later, on September 19th, 1957, Archie defended his light heavyweight title against 22-year-old Tony Anthony, a tough fighter who had 18 ko's to his record in 22 starts. This night Father Time was kind. Archie was disguised as youth. Tony Anthony was counted over in the 8th round and sports writers just shook their heads.

It couldn't happen but it did.

How about other sports? How about foot racing and the marathon runs?

Twenty-eight is old for a miler. Glenn Cunningham, however, was still winning at 31. But there was one runner who really made the young bloods take notice; he was Gene Venske. Venske was still winning at Madison Square Garden when he was 36.

The marathon is perhaps the most grueling of all sports. Yet there have been several noted marathon runners well along in years, but not in physical shape, who have done quite well. Best known is Clarence DeMar, who won seven Boston marathons between his 40th and 50th birthdays.

IN baseball there have been many outstanding performances by men who should have been taking life easy in a rocking chair. Perhaps the best remembered was the no-hitter—the third of his major league career—hurled by the 41-year-old Cy Young. When he was 44 Cy twirled seven wins, bringing his big loop compilation to its present victory mark of 510 games won. This is the major league record for a moundsman.

Another relative Methuselah is the "Splendid Splinter," (or

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"Splendid Spitter") Ted Williams. Ted, now 39, led all major league hitters last season with a batting average of .388, while the also not-so-tender Stan "The Man" Musial, now 37, led the National League with a .351 mark.

Williams thus becomes the oldest hitter ever to win the crown, topping the ancient Honus Wagner who was 37 when he won the honor for the seventh time back in 1911.

As a World War II and Korean flying instructor, Williams lends credence to the theory that occasional layoffs pay off in increased and prolonged efficiency. He missed three seasons ('43-4-5) at the height of his career, then was recalled to duty for 15 months during the police action in Korea. In addition, injuries kept him on the bench for the better part of both the 1950 and 1955 seasons. However, in spite of—or maybe because of—these enforced "vacations" Williams' lifetime average stands at .350, topped only by the records of the fabulous Ty Cobb and the legendary Rogers "Rajah" Hornsby, both of whom also tied the can to old Father Time's tail and were active when past 40.

Of course there's "Satchel" Paige, believed by many to be Father Time himself. Satch didn't hit the major leagues until he was, by some estimates, 45 years old. Satchel's real age is a deep dark secret, cloaked by many contradictory statements by the master of the "nothing" ball himself. However, if we believe one of Satch's very close relatives, his wife, then Satch is now in his 50's.

If we were to examine every sport we could undoubtedly find at least one grand old veteran whose reflexes, wind and stamina have apparently defied the aging processes. And if we were to examine further into the matter to see what made this individual stay physically young so long, we would undoubtedly discover two factors, which according to the late Knute Rockne are at the heart of the mystery. The primary factor is the will to keep going. Whether it's a desire for money, fame, or love of a woman, the burning desire to carry on must be there. The second factor is condition. The veteran must stay in shape over the years, and there seems to be a pattern or method by which this is done. An examination of training methods of all top veterans, no matter what the sport, shows a pattern of strenuous training, then a layoff. The layoff periods are never too long, but they are frequent.

When athletes go at it too strenuously and try to maintain top condition year in and year out, there comes a time when Joe Vet hasn't got it any more. He's burned out the vital spark. There must be periods of layoff and then periods of getting back into condition. Old baldy should never allow himself to get too far out of shape, but frequent periods of breaking training seem to be necessary.

So it's not Strontium 90 in the air that allows the old guys of sport to defeat young men in their prime. It's the will to win and the periods of training and relaxation that make roaring lions out of granddads.

In making this survey an interesting statistic cropped up about these granddaddios' prowess in the love department. Without exception all these rocking chair candidates are terrific. For instance, Archie Moore's 22-year-old bride presented him with a baby girl just three months before he rocked young Tony Anthony to sleep. Jim Braddock's wife had a baby boy shortly before the Cinderella-man won the title. Galento married a gal just half his age two months before he fought Louis. Jersey Joe Wolcott's children ranged from 17 years to 6 months of age at the time he won the title.

But Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons took the record. He had seven wives. His son Bob Fitzsimmons Jr. was an up-and-coming heavyweight when his dad was still barnstorming around the sticks at the age of 50, fighting all comers at country fairs and occasionally taking on an opponent in a regular bout.

The champs seem to have hit on a formula for youth that ordinary guys might use to advantage.

THE END

ONE EYE'S LATRINE DEATH

(Continued from page 10)

Maybe that's what made him so mean. He claimed a steadfast hatred of all "enemies" of Nippon and reveled in his prophecies of the day when Japan would destroy the U. S. The day when he and his yellow brothers would be sleeping with our sisters and wives. To him the rape of the English-speaking races was a Shinto dedication and inevitable. The day when two areas of world control were established (Japan's area was to be half of Russia eastward to include the U. S. and southward to all of Australia. Germany would control the rest of the world) would be the consummation of the Oriental destiny. Anything or anybody that stood in the way of this creed was

lower than dog dung to One Eye. He would have murdered all of us with relish if he hadn't been responsible to the Imperial Japanese Army Headquarters at Tokyo. He was a civilian now, employed by the contractor who had leased us from the government to work with other conscript labor on the dam that was being constructed near Tokyo. He spoke English of a sort.

His job was control of all supplies in the compound — food, clothing, bedding, shelter. He was the great one to whom we had to be thankful for our short rations.

His food stocks were merely a matter of arithmetic; cut the prison ration by one-third daily and you had a good surplus on hand for the black-market activities of the numerous compound administrators. They all came in for their cut, from the commandant to the lowly medical orderly, but One Eye claimed the lion's share. We saw the stuff going out of the gate in wheelbarrow loads every night.

One Eye was also the self-appointed chief executioner of the camp. It was Japanese open season on all POW's during those cruel days; there wasn't a Nip in camp who didn't have his share of fun. But One Eye never missed a chance to administer a beating. And if the chance wasn't there he would create one. He would produce new rules out of the thin air in order to torture a particular prisoner he had it in for, and if the prisoner was sick or more dead than alive, all the better. His was an unquenchable thirst for sadism.

His hatred of us didn't fall on unreceptive hearts. I can assure you that never has any man been hated more than One Eye was hated by our group of lost men. Ours was an abyss of despair that festered the seed of hatred to the point of murder the second winter in Japan. It wasn't any one particular depravity but a series of many indignities that crescendoed into a finale of assassination.

One of the first incidents was the matter of our shoes.

SOON after our arrival at Ichi-zu-que our good leather GI shoes were taken away from us. The Japs grinned and told us they would save them for us, since the work we would be doing could be done better in Japanese shoes. We were given native tobies, a wooden clog affair with a strap across the toe to hold the shoe on. You could not walk in them; all you could do was a sort of shuffle or Oriental trot. We had no more than removed our own shoes in One Eye's supply room before the Japs themselves were trying them on. There

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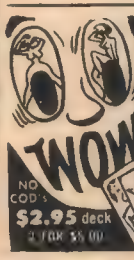

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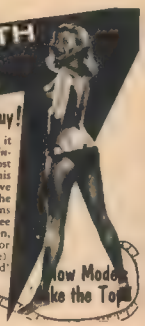

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was a reaction of disappointment when they realized that most of the shoes were too large. We never saw them again. Large as they were I guess they found their way to the black market.

It was winter and there was a thin skim of ice on the riverbed in which we found ourselves wading and pulling out big rocks to be used on the dam. The only thing that kept our feet from freezing was the continual trot from riverbank to rock crusher that the Japanese lash demanded. Few prisoners were not suffering from beriberi, a vitamin deficiency disease that attacks the nerves and limbs. Our feet were swollen and in some cases split open at the toes. One Eye took his own brand of delight in pointing out our deficiencies and the slightest letdown in work on the part of any prisoner would bring a Japanese boot down on a sore foot.

Ten hours made up a day's work, but usually we had an additional hour or two tacked on at the end of the day under the pretense that some prisoner had let us down by not carrying his share of the work load. Then to make up time we were taken back to the compound on the run. Those of us who lagged because we were too tired or our feet were too sore were trotted around the compound yard for another hour or so. Unless we had a buddy who could hide some food and outwit the beady eyes of the guards—well, there just wasn't any supper for us that night.

The winter was almost over when some of the bolder of us complained to the civilian foreman on the job about our feet and shoes. That night we were lined up outside One Eye's supply room and told we were to be issued Japanese army shoes. They produced about six pairs, none of which was over size 5, ideal for the small Japanese foot but far too small for any of us. They ordered us to put them on. None of us could get them past our instep. All the while the guards were beating us across the head with clubs and shouting that we were just trying to be contrary. They would beat a prisoner until he passed out, then kick him to one side and start in on the next in line. This went on for half the night. We dragged what was left of our aching bodies and heads to bed without supper. There was no more complaining on the job about shoes or anything else. We made the best of our wooden clogs.

One bitter cold night a prisoner (the name doesn't matter), his number was 43, managed to get into the supply room. He took a couple of blankets to supplement the one that had been issued him. One Eye caught him. We were all ordered to stand, half-clothed, in the cold and moonlight and watch while number 43 was beaten to a blessed unconsciousness. Each night we witnessed a repeat performance; each night for five consecutive nights One Eye beat number 43 to death, under the protection of three armed Japanese soldiers.

One Eye had tasted blood and from then on he made it a policy to enjoy more of it. He was a confirmed drinker and every night when he returned from a drinking spree in the village he would visit the prisoners' billets for some fun. He would line us up outside and work us over with brass knucks or a night stick, whichever was handy.

Other Japs caught on and soon we were honored by their contributions. The bigger we were and the higher the rank we had held, the more pleasure these runty little spawns of an inferiority complex derived. A clout on the head, a paralyzing blow to the nape of the neck, a jab in the groin or the kidney, a stomp on the toes or an anguishing kick to already swollen shins—they knew all the tricks.

WHEN we first arrived at the camp One Eye had an excellent system for keeping his reserve supplies in good order.

His stock of blankets was always in spic and span shape and ready for trade with the civilians. It was easy. When a prisoner died in his infested blanket One Eye would simply throw the filthy one to the nearest prisoner and grab that man's clean one. What difference did it make if the unfortunate one had just finished a ten-hour tour of the riverbed? If he wanted to remain alive and healthy he would be forced to wash the dirty blanket at once. What did it matter if he had only cold water to do the washing? He would do it and pray to God that he had gotten all the germs out. Of course the blanket would take several days to dry and you would be missing even the warmth of that until it had dried.

After number 43's murder One Eye announced that the reason the prisoner had been "executed" was because he was a thief. The reason he was a thief was because he had been tempted by democratic luxuries, and because of this we were all to be punished and taught not to harbor such desires. Our blankets were taken from us and we shivered out the rest of the wintry nights contemplating the sins of the white race. There were three deaths from pneumonia before spring brought a little warmth to the desolate place.

One day I had carried a load of rock from the riverbed to the rock crusher where it would be ground and sent on its way to the dam site for use in cement. The receiv-

ing end of the crusher was approached by a ramp and located on a platform built about ten feet over the ground and directly over the machinery. There was a large hole in the middle of the platform into which you dumped your load of rock. It then fell into the rotating jaws which crushed the stone into a gravel consistency. The finished product poured out below into little truck cars that were pushed, by rail, to the dam.

It had been raining and the floor was wet. The prisoner just before me had dumped his load of rock in the crusher and the jaws were hungrily grinding them to bits when the prisoner slipped on the slimy floor and fell in after the rocks.

The machinery could have been stopped. The switch was operated from the dumping platform and a gang of Japs always worked there. It could have been stopped but it wasn't. The Japs just stared, fascinated, as the crusher devoured its human meal. The screams could be heard for miles around as the body became mixed with the crushed stone below.

That night all prisoners were given a lesson in balance. We were berated for our clumsiness and made to stand on one foot, with the other leg stretched up and outward to the rear and both arms extended outward from the sides of the body. "Make like airplane," we were told. We stood in that position for over two hours, which seemed more like two ages. Those who faltered in their pose were beaten and made to stand at attention for another hour, holding a bucket full of water in each hand. Later, when we were dismissed, we were told that we had forfeited our rights to supper because of the carelessness of the prisoner who fell in the crusher and ruined a day's work of stone, which now couldn't be used.

It wasn't easy to fall asleep for we were sick, sick with a festering hatred.

We feared One Eye because we were afraid for our lives. Our desperation nurtured a boldness, a boldness to plot. We had to rid ourselves of this evil. He was the aggravating influence that set the guards against us. If we could free ourselves of One Eye we felt that a great part of our troubles would vanish with him.

We met to plot his murder. We had to devise a manner in which no suspicion could be thrown on us or our fellow POW's, otherwise killing him would be of no use. Once the blame was laid at our door every prisoner in the compound, perhaps every prisoner in Japan, would suffer.

We hashed over every device any of us had ever heard of, but none offered the foolproof plan we needed.

One morning I saw One Eye washing his eye. He had the glass out and was rinsing the eyeless socket in cold water. I told my buddy what I had seen and we mulled over this new angle. It seemed that our search had ended. The opportunity we had been looking for had presented itself to us in the form of the eye itself.

We fashioned a sort of ice pick from a heavy piece of wire and smuggled it into the compound. That night we unveiled our plan to four others; we needed six to carry it out. We didn't dare let more than these four in on the intrigue for fear that someone might break or crack under the strain and reveal the plot.

OUR scheme was a simple one. We six would await the first night One Eye visited the prison barracks alone. We would waylay him outside the building in the dark. Two of us would grab him, another would clap a hand over his mouth to prevent his screaming, two others would occupy themselves with removing his glass eye and ramming the ice pick home to the brain through the eyeless socket. Then, after his struggles had ceased, they would replace the glass substitute while the sixth man acted as a lookout. The body would be found the next morning and his death, we hoped, would be blamed on a cerebral hemorrhage.

We were banking on the lack of facilities in this remote part of war-torn Japan to prevent an autopsy. Life was cheaper here than time and expense. It was generally known that his eye had been giving him trouble and there was no reason to believe there would be any more ado about his death than his cremation.

The perfect crime! We waited and watched and prayed, but the right opportunity just didn't seem to come. With each waiting day our ardor seemed to cool. It takes a lot of hating to plan a killing but it also takes a lot of guts to think it over day after day and finally do it. The hate was there but the more we thought of it the more we began to doubt that we would be successful. We couldn't help thinking of the inhuman penalties our comrades would suffer if we were found out.

It took the tinder of a fire set by One Eye himself to set the spark of revolt that engulfed him in his own vile deeds. He barged in on us one night and ordered us out of our sleeping mats. This time he carried something that looked like a bull whip.

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whip you take the penis of a slaughtered bull and nail the butt end to the side of a house. The other end is weighted down with something heavy and it's left to stretch and dry in the sun. It will stretch to a length of four to five feet. After it has dried out it appears very stiff but actually is pliable. When it's swished through the air it can cut to shreds any flesh it hits.

He flourished the whip back and forth through the air like a fencer parrying with an opponent. The cracks and snaps of the whip were like a drug to him as he screamed at us.

"I just come from whore house where I kill whore," he screamed. "Whore said she was in Honolulu one time and have many men. She laughed at me because Japanese cannot make love like Americans." He paused in his gyrations to see if his harangue was getting across. "All men remove pants," he commanded.

Those of us who were reluctant or slow in obeying felt the cut of his whip across our necks. In his drunken frenzy he wasn't too particular if his aim landed across the faces of his targets as he paraded the length of the billets, screaming and slashing.

We stood there naked, trying to cover ourselves as best we could as he proceeded to work us over, one at a time, whanging at us with the bull whip or jabbing us cruelly in the groin with its handle. Two guards, hearing the commotion, joined in the party. Having no whips of their own, they got in some practice with their rifle butts on those of us who had been indiscreet and fallen to the ground, writhing in agony, as One Eye loudly proclaimed that he would teach us to get a whore to make fun of him.

Any misgivings we may have had about killing him were now gone. We couldn't take any more indignities or punishment. The die was cast.

All we had to do now was bide our time for the right moment. It came four nights later. About 2 o'clock in the morning One Eye, drunk as usual, came to the billets alone for his nightly workout. We six had arranged our sleeping mats so that we were nearest the door. He started on us and worked his way to the rear of the building. While he was busy we slipped out, unnoticed, and waited for him in the dark. The night was perfect; just enough moonlight to see in but not enough to be seen from the distant gate.

He was so drunk that we were on him before he realized what was happening, and there wasn't much struggle. Except when the glass eye was being removed—he did quite a bit of kicking and squirming then. The man who had drawn the lot to use the ice pick had appeared a bit squeamish as the time drew near and I thought I detected a bit of relief when I offered to do that job myself. After all, it had been my idea and I intended to see the job through to the finish.

We almost forgot our carefully laid plans as someone in the struggle landed a solid kick to his groin. Maybe it was necessary, maybe it wasn't; perhaps it was just one for the many he had given us at various times. But we shouldn't have done it for it would leave a bruise which could invite Japanese suspicion when they examined the body. And he shouldn't have been choked by one of the fellows holding him; that too would leave a bruise.

I didn't know all this was happening as I sank the makeshift ice pick in the sightless socket, sunk it in good and deep, until I felt a hollow thud as it drove home into the brain. I withdrew the shaft as the blood spurted out, some of it on my shoulder and chest. We held him awhile until there was no more struggling. He went limp.

"Put the eye back in," I said.

"Where is it?" asked one of the fellows. In the excitement we had dropped the eye. It was lost, somewhere out there in the darkness. We became frantic.

"Here it is," said a voice from the shadows. It didn't belong to any of the six of us. Someone had followed us from the billets and watched as we performed our gruesome task. He had seen us remove and drop the glass eye and had quietly recovered it for us.

"You know you can't leave that body out here, don't you?" he was asking us. "You realize there will be telltale bruises on it, don't you?"

In the semidarkness we could make out the man. It was our own medical orderly and he held a homemade scalpel in his hand. He had followed One Eye out of the hut, planning to do away with the Jap himself.

"What else can we do?" we asked. "There's no place here to hide him and we surely can't get him outside the gate." We hadn't figured on having to dispose of the body; we hadn't calculated on such a turn of events.

"Of course there's a place to hide it. Throw the damned thing in the latrine!"

So that's how a fiend died and was buried. We carried the body over to the outhouse, shoved it through one of the slits and it went splash as it hit the crawling sea.

When the body was out of sight I went out and washed the blood off my shoulder. Then I went to sleep.

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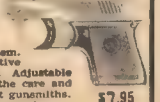

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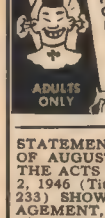

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(Continued from page 26)

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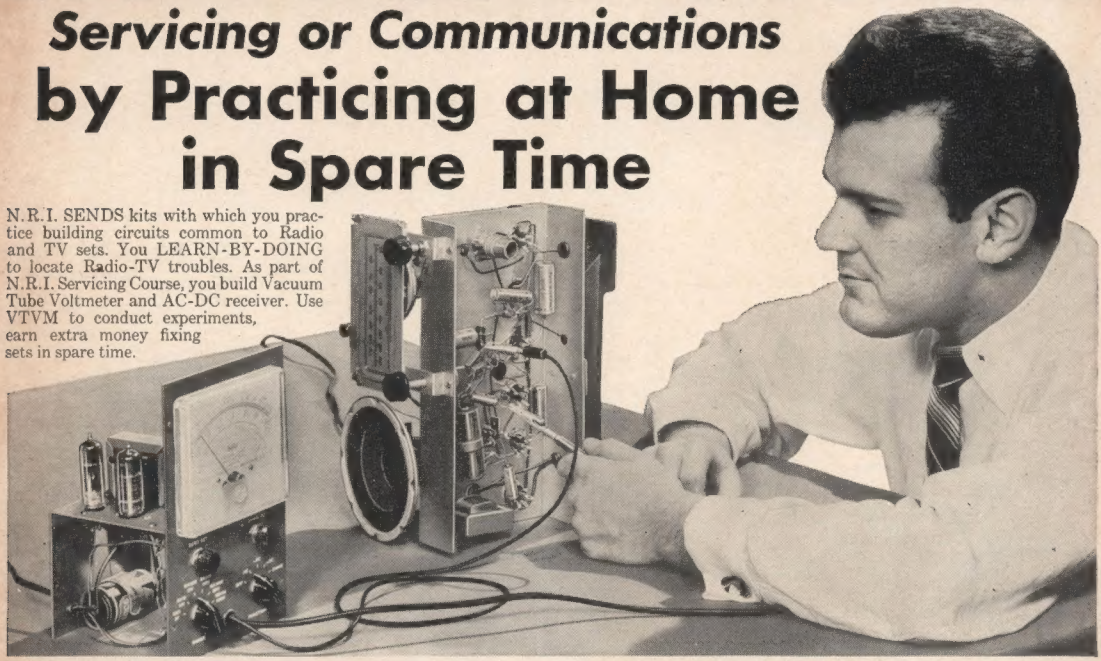

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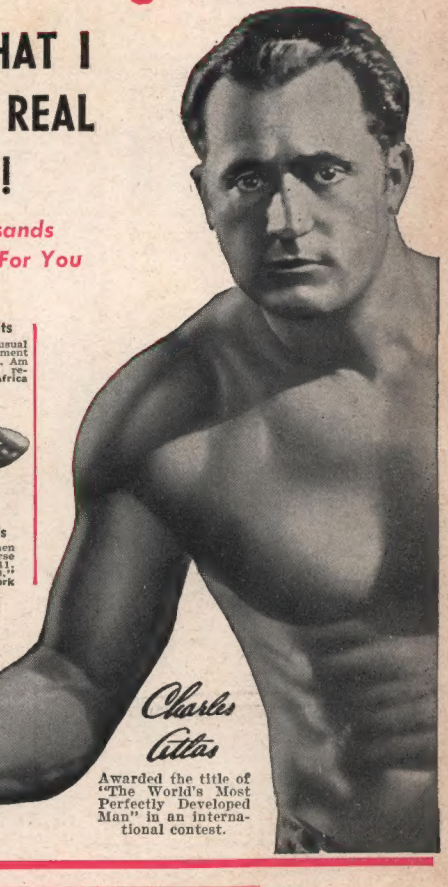

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